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(See page 5)

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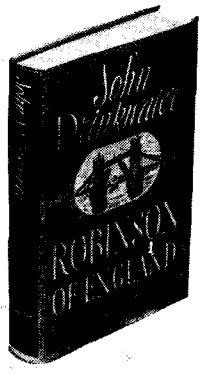
The last book by this noted English author



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Brakes On Inflation

BY ELMER DAVIS

COOLIDGE VISIONS NEW ERA OF PROGRESS IN AMERICA; HOLDS PROSPERITY A TEST

OUTLINES NATION'S NEEDS

President Urges Flood Control and More Ships for the Navy.

OPPOSES LOWER TARIFF

Photographs Encke's Comet, Barely Visible to Naked Eye

CHICAGO, Nov. 17 (AP).—The first photograph to be obtained of the famous Encke's comet as it approaches the spot in its orbit nearest the sun has been taken by Professor G. Van Beisbroeck of Yerkes Observatory, University of Chicago officials announced today.

Using the 24-inch reflector, Professor Van Beisbroeck photographed the comet, which is

From *The New York Times* of November 18, 1927

THAT the golden prime of good Haroun-Cal-Coolidge was also the great age of American literature was generally admitted at the time, at least by the people who were producing the literature. The subsequent depressions, in business and in letters, were roughly contemporaneous, and so were the beginnings of the upturn; "Anthony Adverse" flourished at about the same time as National Distillers Products and Owens-Illinois Glass. Now the reascending business spiral is beginning to worry the administration, and there is talk of putting on the brakes before we have another runaway boom. No such craven moderation is discernible in the world of letters. Few publishers would object to another runaway boom in reputations, and any author worthy of the name would rather pay for brief greatness with long oblivion than drag out a miserable lifetime of respectable mediocrity. But even the crudest economic determinist can hardly believe that there is any close and necessary correlation between the *New York Times* average of fifty selected stocks and the rising or falling curve of literary brilliance. Whatever may happen to business, the basic conditions that made the greatness of Coolidgian literature are no longer present.

What were those conditions? Credulity first of all; the Golden Age was made golden not so much by the creative writers as by the critics. Most of those critics are still around but they seem a little discouraged, less inclined to discover a new Balzac, a new Voltaire, a new Rabelais every morning. And a fresh crop of critics is coming along that is not quite so easy to stampede. Even in quarters which till lately have stood firm in their insistence that things are what they seem, skepticism has begun to rear its scaly head.

But the inflated values of the twenties are less important now than the genuine values. If those times did not produce such a multitude of first-rate writers as was then supposed, they did produce more good second- and third-raters who were mistaken for first-raters than any other period in history, and it takes more than credulity to account for the distortion. There was also novelty, most perishable of assets; and beyond that were certain conditions inherent in the time itself.

No man yet knows enough to say why any age produces great authors; geniuses are born when and where they are born, and that is all we can make of it. But there are situations which make it easier for great authors to expand to the extent of their capacities, and for fairly good authors to look better than they really are. Study the Periclean, the Augustan, the Elizabethan ages (most worthy of comparison, I suppose, with the Coolidge period) and you can discern some common factors, concomitants if not causes. In each case there was a definite background, a national character and culture recognized not only by authors but by the public; a man could say what he thought with the certainty that people would know what he was talking about. In each case that milieu provoked emotions which were not only strong but clear. Aeschylus and Sophocles knew what Athens was, and liked it; Euripides did not like it so much, but he knew which aspects of the national behavior pleased him and which did not. The Rome for which, and of which, Vergil and Horace wrote was not a polyglot empire, but the governing class of the ruling race; they knew what it had lately been and did not like it at all, but they also knew what Rome ought to be, might be, and in fact did become.

Such clarity has seldom been possible in the United States—a nation moving across a continent and changing as it went, and then when the limit was reached recoiling on itself in a confusion still unresolved. Whitman's Jeffersonian visions never came true except locally and briefly, nor has any other artist been capacious enough to predict either the probable or the desirable future of this immense unjelled mixture. But for a few years in the twenties America seemed to have jelled. It turned out presently that only part of it had jelled, that the cohesion was confined to a surface which soon cracked open again. But, briefly, the dominant tendencies of the nation fused; and the fusion was for the moment so immensely successful that it looked indestructible. From about 1925 to 1929 America had a face—the face, so smugly assured that it seemed shaped by an established national character, which is portrayed from somewhat different angles in "Babbitt" and the campaign speeches of Herbert Hoover. To the then dominant groups in the nation it seemed the pattern of virile beauty; but the majority of American authors found it unpleasing and said so, and enough people agreed with them to make dissent not only respectable but profitable.

Why the authors, the so-called intellectuals, disagreed with the dominant groups is a question more intricate than it looks, and irrelevant to the present discussion. The fact is clear that almost all the "important" literature of the twenties was literature of protest—mild or severe, direct or escapist which is protest by indirection. I cannot recall any author of consequence or even of apparent consequence who looked at the America of Coolidge, said "This is fine!" and embroidered on that theme. Tarkington of "The Plutocrat" is perhaps an exception; but piety did not entirely kill the artist in him, his plutocrat is somebody whom he

Next Week

THE CITADEL
By A. J. CRONIN
Reviewed by Mabel Ulrich, M.D.

ANIMAL TREASURE
By IVAN T. SANDERSON
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

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may have liked but whom his own evidence gave his readers plenty of reason for disliking. In any case, this technique of setting up faults as peculiarly American virtues is something that Tarkington was practising as far back as the Taft administration; no special flowering of the Golden Age.

Different writers disliked different aspects of the unity that for a moment was America, but it had plenty of facets that were apt to engender a noble rage in persons of any sensibility; and because it all hung together, dissatisfaction with a part was dissatisfaction with the whole. Far more than the Democrats, who by 1928 had become only a slightly dissident minority sect of Republicans, the writers of America were the Opposition during the whole era of the prosperity-prohibition complex. Not merely a political opposition; in the dominant grouping politics, economics, morals, and esthetics reinforced one another, and if you opposed one you more or less opposed them all.

The Opposition of those days was singularly fortunate. It was permitted to say as much as it liked—far more than American authors had ever been permitted to say before—and was well paid for saying it. But above all—and this perhaps explains the tolerance accorded it by the dominant group—it was in no danger of accomplishing anything, and consequently under no obligation to devise an alternative. The times were such as to evoke indignation, but an indignation not only generalized but hopeless. An example from one who on the whole has been a yea-sayer. In 1926 William Allen White wrote:

> What a sordid decade is passing! . . . The spirit of our democracy has turned away from the things of the spirit, got its share of its patrimony ruthlessly, and has gone out and lived riotously and ended by feeding it to the swine. . . . What a joy it would be to get out and raise the flaming banner of righteousness! Instead of which we sit in our offices and do unimportant things and go home at night and think humdrum thoughts, with the gorge in us kicking like a mule all the time!

Well, the inarticulate citizen, of Emporia or of New York, may have been condemned to this humdrum and futile existence; but it is obvious that here one gorge kicked like a mule to some effect. Bill White got all this off his chest and felt better. So did a thousand other authors; and they were not impeded in relieving their feelings by any burdensome and perhaps hazardous effort to raise the flaming banner of righteousness, because they were not sure just where and how to raise it and there was no prospect that it would do any good anyway.

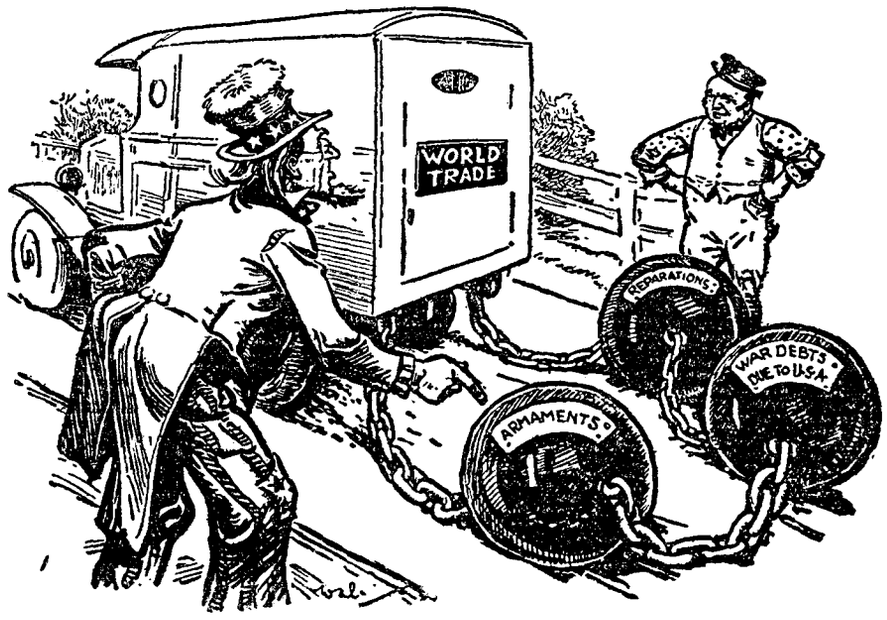
As few novelists as economists doubted that prosperity had come to stay, and all its Bacchic train with it; and there was no doubt that it had its mitigating aspects. Never before had authors been able to get rich by damning the sorry scheme of things entire, and seldom before had the scheme hung together so well that they could damn it entire without bothering to put in a bill of particulars. There it was, there it seemed likely to stay, and there was nothing to be done about it except to say that you did not like it. The detail which was probably detested by more authors than any other, prohibition, seemed the most firmly established of all; till the spring of 1932, nobody but a little group of devotees believed we could ever get rid of it; and like other components of the complex, it was easy to live with in practice no matter how much you disliked it in theory. So you could register your protest in safety and comfort, confident that it would bring you in a satisfactory income and that you would never have to sit down and think about what would suit you better.

Those happy days are gone; the Great Stone Face of Coolidgian America turned out to be only a piece of soap sculpture that melted in the first hard rain; once more the nation is amorphous and unpredictable. There is still plenty of noble rage at large in the country, as the newspapers prove each day; but it has this profound difference from the noble rage of the twenties, that it is about something specific. Specific and fluid and incalculable; many a gorge still kicks like a mule every morning, but for or against something in particular—the Supreme Court, the sit-down strike, etc. Something may be done about the Supreme Court and the sit-down strike, but nobody knows just what is going to be done, still less how it will work. Gone is that cohesive and apparently unshakable background of the twenties, against which dissenters could rave in a general negative, and the orthodox could let them rave, with no prospect that anything was going to be done. Nowadays—as Genghis Khan used to say when he was declaring war—"that will happen which will happen, and what it is to be we know not. God knows." But something will happen, certainly.

Complex and uncertain political and economic issues, whose shape may change as you write, are refractory material for art in any but the ablest hands; and unfortunately these are the matters that obsess the minds of all citizens today, authors included. One of the best of American novels was written about the land policy of the Southern Pacific Railroad; but it was written a dozen years later when the material could be viewed in perspective, and its author had more stuff than his contemporaries, or than ours. Numberless authors have explored the drama of the depression, or the feelings of people on relief, without producing more than creditable journalistic commentary. There is excellent material for the novelist in the work of the Resettlement Administration; but to give us anything more than the obvious chronicle of disillusion with the Promised Land would require an artist of some stature. In such conditions, stature is more precisely measurable than it was a few years ago.

Against the static background of the twenties authors could devise their little dramas of dissatisfaction, and they stood out by mere contrast. Now, in the midst of drama on a grand scale, authors do not know what to say about it because they do not know what it means. The proletarians, of course, have the answer written down in the book; what they say about it is art to proletarian critics, pro-

(*Continued on page* 10)



BRITISH CARTOON OF THE POST-COOLIDGE WORLD
From Adams's "A History of the United States" (Scribners).

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Getting Death's Number

ON BORROWED TIME. By Lawrence Edward Watkin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS book has charm, humor, character, and everything but originality, which will not be missed by readers who like this kind of a story—and they are many. "Gramp," who loves his grandson Pud and an honest world more than money, borrows time when Grandma dies to save Pud from a highly objectionable aunt. Death, who (quite pardonably, I say) comes from "Death Takes a Holiday" to foreclose "Gramp's" mortgage on existence, is treed by a single spell that only children and very old unworldly people seem to know about. He is to stay there till Pud is provided for, and lest any one suffers from a too close contact a fence is built round the tree, which becomes an important factor in the plot. Then amazing things happen from this unconventional exhibit in a very conventional town. The story that follows needs no miracle to support it, for it deals with unregenerate age and unspoiled youth both sticking out their tongues at the bourgeois vices and virtues. Even granting the phantasy, this story is highly improbable; yet not the less satisfying to a healthy imagination because very disagreeable people get what they deserve, and love (not sex) combines with satire to make a particularly good blend of sentiment. It's a strain to call the love between "Gramp" and Grandma sentiment, but it is the real thing.

Mr. Watkin could have made this a regional story with a small town atmosphere, for he has plenty of realism. His small time old maid, his pastoral seduction, his deadlock of local industry when death stops functioning, are all very good. Or he could have made it a satire with a cutting edge. One hopes that he will do both in time. He is capable. This book suggests, as it should not, Robert Nathan without the poetry of his phantasies. Humor, realism, and satire, not poetry, are Mr. Watkin's fortes. It is to be doubted whether he needs or profits by his phantasy. Pud's clouds of glory trailed from some innocent heaven of children are made entirely natural for this world by the child's extraordinary ability in describing his own body in a way most embarrassing to everyone but "Gramp" and the reader. And he sends off the two of them to a real Heaven in a scene that does not recall Little Eva. Phantasy should never be used in a novel except when there is a wedding of necessity and imagination. Mr. Watkin's imagination can get along without.

This is a likable book. I think all the author needs for his future is not to be afraid of his sentiment, let his humor stay as homely as it is here, and sharpen the cutting edge of his highly unfavorable opinion of certain types of American humanity. He will not lack readers, and they will gladly forgive him the miracle which makes this plot turn over, for it's a miracle, really, with its tongue in its cheek.

Twofold Adventure

DEAD MAN LEADING. By V. S. Pritchett. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

OSTENSIBLY this is just another adventure tale. The title is unfortunate in conveying an impression of triviality, and when one learns that the story deals with three strong men in the Amazon jungle one is already reaching for the grain of salt

JACKET DESIGN FOR "DEAD MAN LEADING"

without which such tales are usually indigestible. But one forgets the grain of salt in the first five pages. This novel bears the marks of literary authenticity, and the adventure it relates is not so much the physical adventure of men confronting the wilderness as the spiritual adventure of human souls struggling to escape the common guilt and loneliness of their humanity.

The dead man of the title is Johnson's father, a missionary who had vanished alone into the depths of the Amazon forest seventeen years before the action begins. Johnson had been too young at the time to retain any affectionate memories of his father, but the obscure desire to escape into the same solitude prompts him to join Charles Wright's exploring party. Wright himself, at forty-nine, is driven on by the sense of his departing youth. Phillips, the third member, is fleeing from his own futility and weakness. Charles's stepdaughter, Lucy, who remains behind in London, plays the role of Eve to Johnson's Adam. In the disorder of his mind she becomes his own guilt made flesh, and it is the impossibility of escaping from her while remaining with her stepfather that first disrupts the expedition. But Phillips has also known Lucy, and he must be dodged as well. The burden of the novel is Johnson's ineluctable progress toward the doom of his father.

The fact that "Dead Man Leading" deals primarily with psychological adventure, that it has a philosophical undercurrent, does not prevent it from being a thriller of the first order. But the fact that it is a thriller does have something to do with its literary achievement. The theme might have seemed more heroic and the characters more nearly on the grand scale had the novel been slower. Novelists who have handled great themes successfully have never been afraid of being dull, and Mr. Pritchett is. He has sacrificed the magnitude of his material to the swift pace that makes for exciting reading.

This is the more unfortunate as Mr. Pritchett is a profound psychologist, a thoughtful writer, and a master-craftsman. In the past few years I have read only two novels that made equally absorbing reading: one was "Lost Horizon," the other "Gone With the Wind." "Dead Man Leading" falls short of being memorable. But it grazes the heights, and that alone is a rare achievement.

Two Wisdoms

By DWIGHT DURLING

SHE listened as the slow voice said:
Never credit overmuch
Sound and sight or taste and touch,
Any tangled, groping root
Under mind's essential fruit.
Height in soaring thought conceives,
Opens undeciduous leaves
And the flower forbidden sight—
Integral, immaculate light.

Low he bent his prophet's head:
Only mind through being's mesh,
Under the fantasies of flesh,
Probes upon unyielding bone,
The unequivocal skeleton,
Logic structural and terse
In self or branching universe.

Silent she—and lower his head:
Beauties the glozing eyes compound,
Roses in painted cerements bound,
Drift to dust; only the womb
Of the brain denies its doom.

She but smiled—or sighed—and said:
Delight, be as a summer brief!
Love, be as the burning leaf
Driven down a ruinous sky!
Hasten to death—so too must I.
Fill my branches, burgeon—and die.

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Herr Feuchtwanger's Russia

MOSCOW, 1937. MY VISIT DESCRIBED FOR MY FRIENDS. By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: Viking Press. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

WRITERS on Russia should be graded for American consumption like milk. The bacteria count of poisonous prejudices for or against the Stalin experiment should be on the bottle cap or book jacket. Also, the degree of intelligence plus the prejudice, and also the breadth of opportunity for observation should be noted. If such a grade could be made, Herr Lion Feuchtwanger would be entitled to have his "Moscow, 1937," marked Grade A, Pasteurized, For Adults Only. For this is a man-sized book, though a scant forty thousand words. While it is heavily loaded with communist bacteria, it is so well pasteurized by intelligence that the average reader who has no prejudices for or against the Soviet Union can get a clear picture of the situation as of January this year. But only the wise, dispassionate reader should venture to read this book. A reader having a prejudice one way or the other would be gagged, either with disgust, if he hated the Russian enterprise, or with rage at some of the author's understatements, admissions, and qualifications in his frank discussion of the situation in Russia.

Lion Feuchtwanger is a good reporter. He is also obviously a good communist or possibly he is only a socialist. But he does write clearly and is obviously trying to be fair. Therefore, it is more important to set down a record of what he has found, than to quarrel with him about his social dialectic. If one takes the usual commercial discount off that is allowable for friendly enthusiasm, the reader may depend upon what Mr. Feuchtwanger says. Upon this basis, we may assume something like the following facts about Russia, as of January 1st, 1937: The housing conditions are still terrible, not greatly better than a semi-slum condition in, for instance, the United States; the schools and the arts are thriving and represent the major achievements of the Russian people under the Soviet regime; the heavy industries are gradually approaching the ideal set at the beginning of the Five-Year Plan in 1930; in the matter of food and clothing the Russians are rapidly approaching a fairly normal, or at least slightly subnormal, lower middle class status—a status rather super-slum and minus middle class; the people are hopeful and happy on the whole; Stalin is a god: he is worshiped all over Russia; democratic reality in the new constitution still is a goal to be achieved.

Herr Feuchtwanger explains the heresy trials and executions by tying the whole heretical movement onto the Trotsky kite. These heretics believe with Trotsky in world revolution. Remember Trotsky scuttled the Allies in the World War to start revolution in Russia, and he would scuttle Stalin to start a world war to bring on world revolution. Stalin on the other hand believes that Russia, as a single socialist state, can live in a capitalist world. Trotsky and his followers have no Russian patriotism. They are loyal to the world revolution. They will betray Stalin and their government be-

LION FEUCHTWANGER

cause of their higher international communist patriotism. This Trotsky theory makes a plausible hypothesis. Whether it is true or not makes very little difference. Obviously this Trotsky thesis has many adherents in Russia. Perhaps they can be shot into silence. But is the blood of martyrs in Russia different from the blood of martyrs elsewhere? That, the future must decide.

But here is an intelligent book, written by a convinced communist who is also a world famous writer and a competent, if frankly prejudiced, reporter. From his book the wise reader can learn the truth, which is that Russia, under some kind of socialism, will probably gradually lift the living standards of the country and create a middle class dictatorship not unlike that in the United States except that the men who now own the tools of production here will be represented in Russia by the class that operates the tools of production under a dictatorship.

Well, the difference between an owning class who rule through the right of property and a ruling class who govern under the dictatorship of an entrenched minority, you can put in your eye. Except that the royal American right to kick means something, and the right to kick and go to the ballot box has some survival value. But the Russian experiment apparently is here to stay. It has no lesson for democracy in the United States except that capitalism in our democracy, like socialism and the Stalin dictatorship, must keep moving. Each order must improve the condition of the average man to survive. Each must give a wider and wider participation for the average man in the common income. Americans are doing that. We have been doing it in the United States slowly in the evolutionary revolution that started immediately after the War between the States, that enjoyed its first flower of agitation under Bryan, bloomed gorgeously under Roosevelt and Wilson, gradually grew stronger in the third decade, and now is having a time of fruitage and a harvest under the second Roosevelt. We are not moving so fast as the Russians, but we did not have to start so far back. We and the Russians are getting as much justice as we can assimilate, as much justice as the moral and intellectual development of the people demands. So far, life is vastly more comfortable in the United States, even for a man on relief, than it is for the lower class workers in Russia. And don't make any mistake, there are plenty of lower class workers in Russia, living on a miserably low standard. And when you are living on a miserably low standard, it makes little difference whether you are getting it as a handout from the WPA or taking it from the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is still a low standard and for all the joys of the proletarian dictatorship you are badly housed, meanly clad, and undernourished.

The problem of the twentieth century is to improve the status of those who live below the middle class standard. Whether they live in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, or in the democracies of the West, is unimportant. The problem of distribution in the machine age is moving along, and probably the Russian work on the problem is on a slightly more forward salient than the work has progressed in any other European country. But on the other hand the advance sector of Russia is well behind the lines that have been set by the democracies. It is only fair, however, to say that the Russians started far back of the democratic lines and have moved faster, not by virtue of the genius of their leaders but because it was a case of root hog or die.

All of this is more or less implied in "Moscow, 1937," which is by all odds the most readable and the most intelligent Russian book that has appeared in this Year of our Lord.

William Allen White, editor of The Emporia Gazette, *some time ago made a trip through Russia.*

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In the Grand Manner

THE FILIBUSTER: The Career of William Walker. By Laurence Greene. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

FEW Americans today have even heard of William Walker. Yet when his adventures came to a tragic end in 1860, he had probably received as much attention in the newspapers of this country as any other American of his time. He had given many unpleasant hours to politicians who keep their ears close to the ground; he had caused intense annoyance to the dominant powers in Wall Street; and for five years he had been a thorn in the side of statesmen and diplomats on three continents. A few months after Walker met his death before a Honduran firing squad, the United States plunged into a great Civil War, and in the midst of its epic events the exploits of the greatest of the filibusters were quickly forgotten. Most historians since then have merely mentioned Walker in passing.

Some twenty years ago this reviewer published a laborious volume in which he sought to tell the true story about Walker. But another Great War was then raging, and its epic events again made the filibuster's activities seem trivial. The time is now ripe for another book on Walker, and let us hope that no new war will again arise and spoil the story as

WILLIAM WALKER

Mr. Greene tells it. This reviewer feels flattered that Mr. Greene has accepted the results of his labors of two decades ago and has recognized them in a special note at the end of the volume; but under such circumstances detached criticism may prove a bit difficult.

Just how a homely, shy little man, weighing not much more than a hundred pounds, who had failed successively in the practice of medicine, law, and journalism, could suddenly appear in Central America as a favored soldier of fortune, seize the Presidency of Nicaragua, obtain recognition of its government by the United States and the endorsement of his enterprise by the Democratic Party in its national platform of 1856, is hard to understand unless one is fairly familiar with the political, economic, and social conditions in the United States and the Caribbean area in the 1850's. Mr. Greene writes entertainingly and at length of the filibuster's personal achievements and blunders. One can only wish that he had analyzed more fully the milieu which made possible such an amazing career. One wishes also that the author had not followed the example of the new-school biographers by attempting to psychoanalyze his character. He gives his work the supreme Freudian touch by describing Walker, whose morals were irreproachable, as "quite possibly the victim of a sexual disorder," and he pictures him repeatedly as eating his heart out for a sweetheart long dead. This is overstepping the limits of the historic. The plain bare facts of Walker's life are romantic enough in themselves.

I myself agree in large measure with the author's estimate of William Walker, but I cannot accept Mr. Greene's characterization of the filibuster as "treacherous." And having conversed many years ago with people who once knew Walker and with one of the filibuster's soldiers, I am convinced that Mr. Greene hardly does justice to Walker's rank and file when he describes them as "a rabble."

Royal Romance

CATHERINE AND POTEMKIN. An Imperial Romance. By Jerome Dreifuss. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

FOR our essentially practical age the romantic life of Catherine the Great seems to have a strong and never-failing attraction. It opens a page of history which, though perfectly true and authentic, is as picturesque, strange, and extravagant as any mystery story. In fact, the more documented it is, the more extraordinary does it become. Mr. Dreifuss's book, based on a newly discovered correspondence between the Empress and her Taurian Prince, only adds color and drama to the existing history.

To some it may sound sentimental to call the Russians a "dark" people; but it is a word which Russians in Russia apply in ordinary speech frequently to themselves. The quality, if one doubts its existence, may be found well exemplified in the character of Gregory Alexandrovich Potemkin (called by the Russians "Potiomkin"), who played an important part in the life and foreign policies of Catherine the Great. Prominent as he was in history, Potemkin has always remained an elusive and challenging figure. Prince de Ligne, who fought with him in the Russian-Turkish Wars, wrote a brief account of his character, but it was made up chiefly of anecdotes and marvels. No one has ever yet succeeded in capturing and impaling his strange personality. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any one except Dostoievsky ever could have told the story of Potemkin.

CATHERINE THE GREAT

One of Catherine the Great's lovers, he came the nearest to being also a friend. They had no children but they shared a glorious dream — the dream of a Russian Empire which should extend through Turkey on into the Orient. The wrecking of that dream was the end of their relationship, and the end of their relationship was the end of Potemkin's life. "Without her he was lost . . . dead." He actually died of a malarial fever, contracted in the southern swamps, and so in a certain sense he did give up his life as a sacrifice for his great dream.

Mr. Dreifuss's book tells the whole of Catherine the Great's life, before and after Potemkin, but the greater part of it is devoted to Potemkin's period. His chief authority is the series of notes and letters discovered by the Soviet government in the Russian Archives and brought to this country by Mr. Karl Bickel and the United Feature Syndicate. There is no doubt that the letters are genuine. They have supplied the author with a great many interesting facts about the amazing lovers and enabled him to do some picturesque writing about Russia. His characterization of Potemkin, however, still leaves most of the questions about him unanswered. Mr. Dreifuss over-simplifies the Potemkin of the Russian-Turkish Wars, the Potemkin of Catherine the Great's boudoir, and the Potemkin of the heart of Russia. The result is a conception derived entirely from the new anti-imperialistic point of view of that country, and, like any overdrawn portrait, it does not convince.

One of the most interesting revelations of the letters quoted in this book is the fact that the Empress sometimes addressed Potemkin as "My husband." No one has hitherto suspected a marriage between the two. The possibility of a secret marriage is a wholly new idea, dramatic in its possibilities, suggested for the first time in this book.

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English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: XI

THE modern novel demands of the writer a severe discipline and an expert skill. We must not forget that it also makes formidable demands on the reader. Much of the best fiction of the age can be understood only by an unremitting application of the reader's full intelligence. If his attention lapses for as much as a page he may miss something on which his understanding of the whole book is designed to hinge. A single sentence in the text, unemphasized or even deliberately muffled, may close a circuit where, without it, the potential that has been built up would not be discharged. The novel may be so written that nine-tenths of it is left unwritten. The reader is confronted with action or emotion which would be quite aberrant except in relation to the entire development preceding it, most of which may be suggested rather than expressed. He finds himself thrust into scenes whose relevance to what has gone before depends entirely on his inference; and he may have to identify not only their function in relation to the rest but even their time, place, and characters. He must bring to bear on the page before him a considerable general knowledge, a focussed attention, a memory amounting to total recall, and a rapidly working logical analysis; he must assimilate formal and psychological symbols, he must complete curves only small arcs of which have been given him, and he must follow simultaneously several complex movements which may be made additionally intricate by the novelist's deliberate deception.

Thus the modulation of thematic material in "Point Counter Point" has a dynamic meaning in the novel, and the process by which the image of Leopold Bloom's dead son comes to affect the life of Stephen Dedalus is of the greatest importance in "Ulysses." Yet either could be missed by an intelligent reader if he devoted less than his full intelligence to the book. And the modern reader must be prepared to deal not only with such subtleties which are integral in the novel's equilibrium, but even with gratuitous ambiguities which have nothing to do with it but are supplied from without. No one ever separated the various ages of the idiot in Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury," for instance, or even realized that different ages were being presented, without going back and untangling a calculated and quite unnecessary confusion; no one ever realized, until he had been systematically compelled to misunderstand a good many pages, that Quentin was not one person but two, of different sexes and different generations. All the values of the characters, their relationships, and the situation in which they exist could have been served without this mystification, which might properly be called illegitimate except that by means of it Faulkner achieves an effect which it is clearly his privilege to prefer above such values. But though criticism must grant him that privilege, clearly the reader is under no obligation to do so, and a resentment of trickery in Faulkner may broaden into the rejection of such unintelligibility as that of "Work in Progress." If, as he is reported to have said, Joyce will treat with his readers only when they have mastered his method as they would master a foreign language, then his art has ceased to be the art of fiction.

But one need not deal with the extremes or eccentricities of modern fiction in order to perceive the change that has come into it. Neither John Dos Passos nor Virginia Woolf is an extremist, but the reader of "The Big Money" and "Mrs. Dalloway" is required to do many things he is not called upon to do in, say, "David Copperfield" and "Adam Bede." We need not ask whether "The Big Money" is a better novel than "David Copperfield" or a worse one; they are incommensurable. Yet the measure of their disparity is not what criticism is apt to decide it is. "The Big Money" has an enormous canvas and many characters, but so has "David Copperfield." Its lines of force move intricately, but so do those of "David Copperfield," which, in fact, has one of the most intricate and mutually dependent situations ever put into fiction. If Dos Passos manipulates large masses to suggest social implications, so does Dickens. If "The Big Money" is a long novel, "David Copperfield" is even longer. The difference is quite simple: "David Copperfield" is far easier to read.

That is an immensely important fact, whose corollaries we could not even outline here without writing another series. There is no implication that Dickens was a shallower or more superficial novelist, that he knew less about mankind or felt less passionately, that he was in any respect the inferior; the contrary of all those propositions could be the more persuasively argued. But also the fact that "David Copperfield" is easier to read does not imply that it is the better novel, nor that it gives more pleasure or final satisfaction to the reader. The difference is not of degree but of kind.

The modern novel has more mass and, in particular, it has a greater tension. We cannot follow that fact very far without getting into arbitrary generalizations about the modern consciousness, a phrase which has little useful meaning. But fiction today produces an engagement between the novel and the reader which rests on an active coöperation not required in Dickens's time. "Mrs. Dalloway" is in no sense a more profound novel than "Adam Bede," or a wiser or more knowing or more moving one. But in reading it one must give oneself up to it far more completely. In order to stay aboard it at all, one must exercise all his attention and all his balance. As a result, the immediate moment, the immediate scene, has a momentary illusion of being, if not more real, at least far more important—it has a higher potential.

The mass and tension of modern fiction have opened up areas of experience, states of consciousness, and a variety of themes if not of emotions that the novel did not deal with before. This development has been achieved only by an immense sophistication of technique, and the reader's adjustment to it has accelerated the process. The more habituated to technical sophistication the modern audience becomes, the more technique may try to accomplish; the more habitually and completely the reader coöperates with the novelist, the greater mass and tension fiction may acquire. But the development has also brought about other conditions that must be taken into account.

Notably it has produced a specialization of audiences. "David Copperfield" can be enjoyed by anyone who reads novels at all and the finest intelligence is not superior to it, but Joyce's selective audience is anesthetic to, say, Hugh Walpole, and intelligence is not only uncomfortable but downright anguished in the presence of "Gone With the Wind." Dickens could reach any audience, but Miss Mitchell cannot reach the large one which has been habituated to the interests and methods—especially the methods—of the best modern fiction.

Yet the astronomical sale of such a book does not mean merely that a million people like the clichés of sentiment and of melodrama. It means also that the large audience which accepts the best modern fiction sometimes finds the bur-

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Letters to the Editor: *Beer and Skittles* / *Radio Reviewing and Charm*

Certainly, We're Interested

SIR:—I recount an incident in which you may be interested.

There is a little short-order eating place out on North Fresno Street which specializes in rather plain food and reasonably quick service. The patrons appearing there during the noon hour are mostly office workers and are invariably in a rush, so anyone languishing in a lassitude over his food or drink is an object of more or less interest.

I lunched there one afternoon and, looking up from the table, my eyes fell upon a weather-beaten man of uncertain years who sat hunched on a stool across the way with his elbows leaning heavily on the counter. A large hat was pushed far back on his head and he stared disconsolately into a tall glass of foaming beer.

He maintained this motionless attitude for full five minutes then, lifting the brimming glass to his lips, drained half its contents in a single draught. He replaced it on the counter and raised and lowered his shoulders in a deep sigh.

He was as oblivious to the bustle going on about him as though he were alone. The waitress smiled at him as she passed to wait on another patron, but his eyes merely followed her to the end of the counter then returned to the sudsy depths of the half filled glass.

After a while he slowly and deliberately disengaged his boot-encased feet from the rungs of the stool and ambled over to the phonograph in one corner. He looked over the list of recordings. After ponderous deliberation he made a selection, pressed a small button and inserted a nickle in the slot. He returned, finished his beer.

A melancholy song of the range filled the place with plaintive notes.

"Give me back my boots and my saddle . . ." a low voice moaned, "Um-m-m-m um-m-m-m um-m-m-m. . . ."

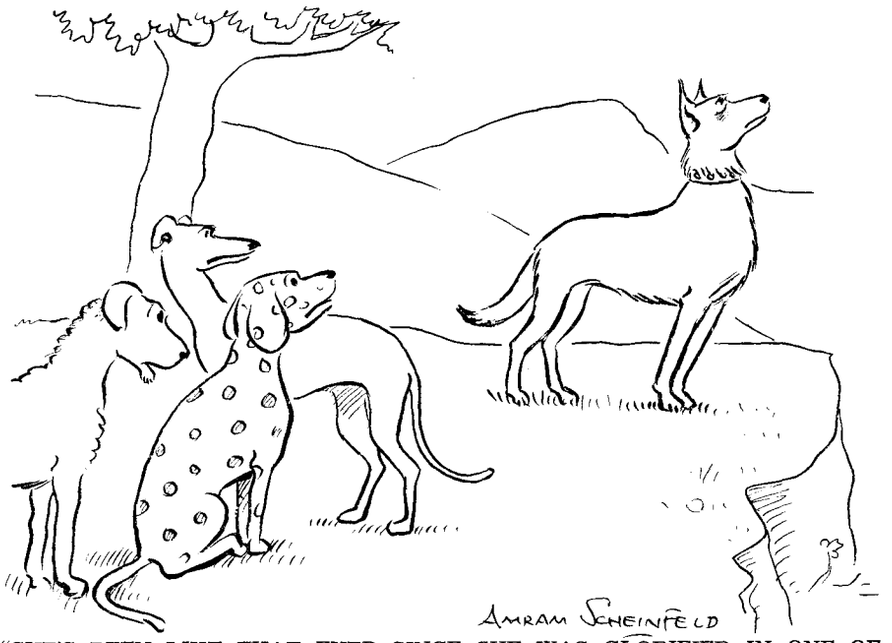
He listened to the entire recording with a dull stolidness. When the last notes had waned he stirred, motioned to the waitress, and ordered another beer.

She filled the glass and placed it, foaming, before him. He rested his arms on the counter, and entwined the toes of his boots around the rungs of the stool. His head hung down loosely. He fixed his eyes on the bubbling beverage and there sat in dejected immobility.

Then, with one hand he started toying with the glass, turning it about in its damp circle. His fingers slowly ran up and down the sides making patterns in the moisture. Then he lifted the glass to his lips and drank long and slowly.

He set it down and started to fumble about in his pockets, bringing out various articles and returning them to the depths from whence they came. He found what he was seeking at last. Getting down from the stool he walked over to the phonograph again and inserted a nickle.

The same song . . . the same voice . . . "Give me back my boots and my saddle . . . um-m-m-m um-m-m-m um-m-m-m. . . ."



"SHE'S BEEN LIKE THAT EVER SINCE SHE WAS GLORIFIED IN ONE OF ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE'S STORIES."

He returned to his beer. He played with the glass, turning it first this way, then that. He drank the remainder and ordered another. The waitress filled the glass up and smiled as she placed it before him. He considered it intently.

He drank a bit of it and after a while pulled a folded paper out of his hip-pocket. He spread it out before him and started to read. The song was wailing to an end.

I had finished my lunch and walked over to the counter.

The paper was *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

"He's been here for three hours listening to that cursed song, staring into his beer, and reading that blasted paper!" the waitress confided in a staccato whisper as I paid my check.

KAY KOCH.

Fresno, Calif.

"Michael Fairless"

SIR:—May I beg the hospitality of your columns for an appeal to all lovers of "Michael Fairless," the author of "The Roadmender"?

She lies buried in this peaceful little Sussex churchyard. The population of the village is just over 300, mostly working farmers and laborers. The church is a beautiful little building dating in part from Norman days, and is kept in good repair. But the spire had fallen into decay, and the reshingling, etc., which were urgently necessary, have cost £180.

It is a wonderful village for giving. Inhabitants of neighboring larger villages often ask me, "How *does* little Ashurst manage to contribute so much to charitable purposes?" We have even managed to get £150 odd towards this heavy expense (but £70 thereof by surrender of an endowment policy). But the remaining £30 or so will be difficult to get.

Will the admirers of "Michael Fairless" in your generous country; or will those who like to help those who help themselves; or will those whose forebears came from the sweet county of Sussex, feel moved to send any subscription for this purpose, addressed either to the Churchwardens of the parish or to me? It would be most gratefully received, and the names of the donors duly recorded.

(THE REV.) R. F. ASHWIN.

Ashurst Rectory, Nr. Steyning
Sussex, England

One Reason

SIR:—Though you do not, in your article of July 17, in the *Saturday Review,* ask for further comments upon the discrepancy between the reviewers' reception of "They Came Like Swallows," and that of the book-buying public, may I offer an experience that may be suggestive of a partial reason.

Two radio broadcasts, in dramatic form, were issued this spring—one of "We Are Not Alone," the other of "They Came Like Swallows." I listened in to both, the former *after* reading the book, the latter *before* reading the book.

My reaction to the first was regret that "time necessity" had demanded the sacrifice of many of the more delicate details of the story. As to the second, I found myself convinced that, for the same reason, many hearers would miss the essential quality of the story in a similar way.

As a book reviewer and lecturer and teacher of many years' standing, such means of advertising seem to me deplorable. It is "stealing the thunder," thus to present the form of books, whose major claim to literary merit is in the handling, atmosphere, allusiveness, point of view—in short, the elements of that indefinable quality—charm.

MARIAN LYNNE.

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W. P. A. Workers in Mufti

AMERICAN STUFF. By Members of the Federal Writers' Project. With 16 Prints by The Federal Art Project. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by EUGENE ARMFIELD

WRITERS employed by the Federal Writers' Project have been making an enviable reputation for themselves with a series of admirable American guide books, the most recent of which is at present creating a furor in Massachusetts. "American Stuff" has nothing to do with work for the Project. It is an anthology of creative work produced by the writers and artists on their own time. The volume makes clear, however, that the excellence of the Idaho, City of Washington, Massachusetts, and other guides is no accident, for these pages were produced by sincere, talented, and industrious artists.

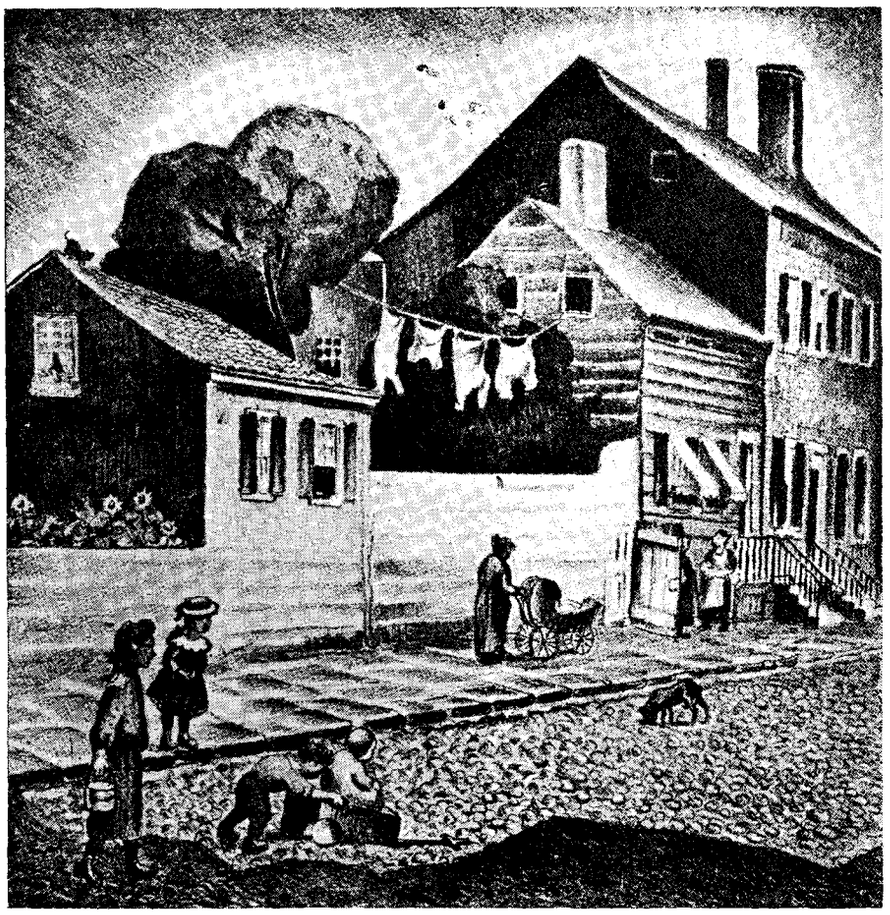
Different from many anthologies, "American Stuff" has unusual unity. Most of the pieces, whether prose, verse, folklore, or prints, are informed by an acute awareness of the experience of millions of people in present day America. Most of them attempt to deal with the world in realistic terms. It's a hard world, a world of depression and skimping and shattered hopes. It's a world, though, as seen through the eyes of these writers, filled with human beings; and while the writers look at the lives about them with earnest eyes, they are seldom grim. There's a perhaps surprising amount of humor in "American Stuff."

Any anthology is apt to be uneven in quality. The general level of "American Stuff" is high: few of the writers can be said to soar, but not many of them offer work which is downright bad. On the whole the prose is better than the verse, and the work of the little known writers is far superior to that of their more famous colleagues. Vardis Fisher, for example, must have reached far back in his desk drawer to find the thin little anecdote he calls "Martha's Vacation." A list of the most effective prose pieces would have to include Ida Faye Sachs's "Fair Afternoon," the best single piece in the volume; Ivan Sandrof's story, "Just For Fun"; Richard Wright's excellent autobiographical sketch, "The Ethics of Living Jim Crow"; Fred Rothermell's "Lexington Express"; Leon Dorais's amusing story of a relief office, "Mama, the Man Is Standing There," and Carl Wilhelmson's Finnish tale, "Juggler's Gold." The poems of Raymond E. F. Larson, Robert E. Hayden, and Helen Neville, and the prints of Harold Lehman, Hubert Davis, Jack Markow, and Esteban Soriano stand out from not very exciting backgrounds.

A good portion of the volume is given over to a series of pieces called "Americana," songs, stories, and anecdotes set down by members of the Project in the words of the untutored people from whom they came. The best have the racy and imaginative quality that is connected with the word "folk." The worst, like the lists of "Phrases of the People," seem pointless in a volume of creative work. The most rewarding of these folk pieces are to be found among the first Negro spiritual recorded by South Carolina Project Workers, "The Preacher's Song," set down by Maggie L. Leeper, the first convict song, recorded by John A. Loma, the Gullah story gathered by Genevieve W. Chandler, the tall tales of West Virginia, arranged by C. S. Barnett, and the very funny "Lookin' Fer Three Fools," recorded by Luther Clark.

"American Stuff" may very well not set the world on fire. But it contains much good writing and many pages that are interesting and highly readable.

Eugene Armfield is the author of "Where the Weak Grow Strong."



OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE. By MABEL DWIGHT
From "American Stuff."

Brakes on Inflation

(*Continued from page* 4)

vided it is dogmatically orthodox; but the rest of us need not bother with it until some proletarian writer produces something really good. As yet, none of them has produced anything that is altogether satisfactory to both the proletarian and the bourgeois eye. Strikes offer plenty of material for the novelist, but most of the novels so far written about strikes have been mediocre or downright bad, either because dogma got in the authors' way or because the authors were poor novelists to begin with. By far the best that I have read, Steinbeck's "In Dubious Battle," was not so much about a strike as about individuals whose field of activity happened to be a strike. The economic issue was no more than the accompaniment of soloists; in "The Octopus" it played the part of the orchestra in a Wagner opera.

There are more individual problems of current interest which might be exploited by sufficiently skillful hands. No doubt a great novel could be written about the conscience of a Supreme Court justice, if you had a great novelist to write it. The Dreiser of a decade or two ago could get convincingly inside the skin of a murderer or an embezzler; but that does not prove (I hope) that he could so successfully get inside the skin of a jurist. Supreme Court justices are more interesting just now than a Cowperwood or a Clyde Griffiths, but who knows what to say about them beyond editorial applause or condemnation?

All this may seem to rest on what some consider a gigantic fallacy—that literature

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should be about something. Well, there is one glory of the sun, another glory of the stars; the Russian novel, as a rule, is not about something—though "War and Peace" would have been a better novel if it had not tried to be—but most of the good American novels have had something in them besides character and manners; and the greatness of Coolidgian literature lay precisely in the fact that it was about something, a great cosmic (or would-be cosmic) "To hell with all that!" Its best product was "Babbitt," and "Babbitt" would not be much if America had not had a face which Lewis disliked intensely, and which his readers could recognize even if they thought he distorted it as much as El Greco.

But what is recognizable now? The Union League Club has a face and so has C.I.O. headquarters, but they and everything in between do not add up into anything definable, and without definition, agreement, without a literal commonplace to start from, it is pretty hard to get anywhere. An artist of the first rank might impose his vision; we could use him, but he has not yet turned up. Meanwhile artists of the second rank look no bigger than they are. This is an age of revolution—mild as yet, moderate in its manners as well as in its accomplishments, but revolution none the less in basic American concepts and perhaps ultimately in social and economic structure. Revolutions commonly keep people at once too preoccupied and too unsettled to produce any very high grade of literature. If we had a Lucretius or a Catullus among us, he might write as well as Lucretius and Catullus did in troubled times; though Lucretius's work may well have been escape literature, and when Catullus touched the issues of his day, what he wrote differed only in quality from what you can read in the *Evening Sun*. The sort of writers we actually have may expect to see Radio cross 500 again before they will look as big as they did in the Golden Age.

Elmer Davis's articles on contemporary social attitudes have been valuable features of contemporary magazine-literature.

Geographical Studies

ENVIRONMENT AND NATION. By Griffith Taylor. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1936. $4.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR here attempts to analyze the geographical relationships of the history of Europe. His book will be a great help in building up a new understanding of the history that has made us what we are. It is not easy to read because it is packed with details, and the diagrams and maps require much study. On the other hand, it is a book to which many people will turn for information as to specific periods of history. It contains the materials from which many lighter books can easily be constructed, and they will be works of high value.

A Bitter Conclusion

ZEPPELIN. By Captain Ernst A. Lehmann. In collaboration with Leonard Adelt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

WHEN the *Hindenburg* crashed in flames last May, Captain Ernst Lehmann crawled from the wreckage, fatally burned repeating: "I don't understand it, I don't understand it!" It was a bitter conclusion to his years of effort toward convincing the timorous that lighter-than-air craft were the most practical vessels of peace. On his world circuit with the *Graf Zeppelin* and his many trips with the same dirigible to North and South America he had done as much as any man to recapture the world's respect for Germany. It was forgotten that he had participated in, and often directed, the raids on London during the war; he had done his duty, cruelly and well, as he recounts in this posthumous book; he had destroyed wherever he could, but his ideal, like Count Zeppelin's, was unalterably that of making the airship a courier between peaceful lands.

CAPTAIN LEHMANN

Captain Lehmann tells in detail the history of the Zeppelin type airship, its many disasters, its indifferent acknowledgment by his government even during the war—a record of faith among a very small group, Zeppelin, Eckener, Lehmann, Durr, Gemmingen, and a few others, who frequently had to finance their dream from their own pockets. As a war machine the Zeppelin was effective only (because of its inflammable hydrogen content) until the incendiary bullets of the Allies were discovered. It was then at once at the mercy of a pistol shot from any plane which could climb to its height.

The story of the London air raids, told from the German perspective, is the most interesting of the book, perhaps because Captain Lehmann was able to describe them at first hand. It is his belief that a great deal of the destruction in London which has been attributed to German aircraft was actually caused by the misdirected shells of the British falling back upon their own city. Elsewhere he quotes at length from the reports of his fellow airmen, one after another, until all those lethal excursions seem, as to their participants, rather dull and alike. But there are enlightening anecdotes: of the Saxon King who distrusted Dr. Hugo Eckener's engineering because he was a mere Ph.D., of the aviator, Ackerman, who was shot down with his LZ37 and was saved by falling into a nun's bed.

English '37

(*Continued from page* 8)

den put on it intolerable. It grows tired of too great mass and too strong tension, and it reverts explosively to the looseness, and lucidity, and freedom from pressure of Charles Dickens's day. "David Copperfield" is no book for fools—it will return to anyone quite as much as he is able to bring to it. But there is in it enough space to turn round in, and time enough to take things as they come and as you will; it has what modern fiction seldom has, leisure, and it has what the modern audience sometimes desires to the complete reversal of its ordinary taste, improvisation and spontaneity and a magnificence irrelevance.

In short, the law of diminishing returns and the principle of mathematical limits apply to the modern novel. The intricate and exhausting technique of "Ulysses" is employed primarily to make us know Leopold Bloom. At the end we do know him, superbly, but no better than we know, say, Becky Sharp and Huck Finn, and the accessory purposes of the novel are no better served than Thackeray and Mark Twain contrived to serve theirs. There is a limit fixed to fiction—and it has been reached by many avenues of approach.

And the novelties of experience and satisfaction which modern fiction has given the reader, the new areas it has occupied, have been paid for, sometimes, out of principal. Sometimes, in devising instruments with which to explore the recesses of personality ignored by earlier novelists, the novel of our day has come out with phantoms which might have been characters if less delicate mechanisms had been put to work on them. Sometimes in striving for mass it has achieved dead weight instead. And often it has refined its substance so much that it has refined it away—in the pursuit of the mind or the truth or the great society it has forgotten, and has had to be reminded by failure, that fiction is the art of telling stories about people.

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Who Will Bid Most?

BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

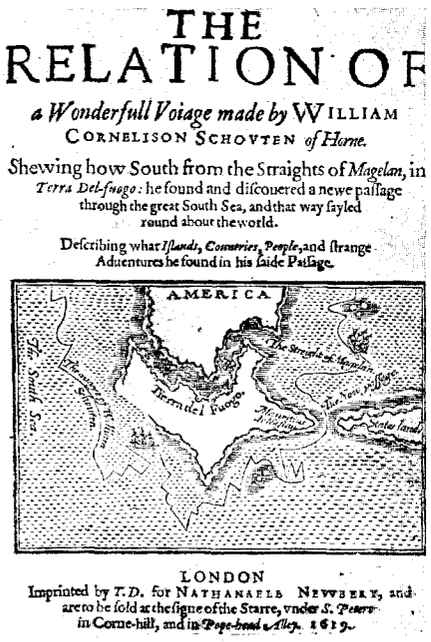
SHAKESPEARE still lived when the great printing and publishing house of the Elzevirs in Leyden added bookselling by auction to the roster of its enterprises. Milton had been two years dead when William Cooper, himself an Elzevir in a small way, transplanted the idea across the Channel in announcing the impending dispersal of the library of Dr. Lazarus Seaman and issued therefor a catalogue which has itself become a collecting desideratum.

> It hath not been usual here in England [wrote Cooper in his preface] to make Sale of BOOKS by way of *Auction*, or *Who will give most for them;* but it having been practised in other Countreys to the Advantage of both Buyers and Sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the Sale of these Books this manner of way; and it is hoped that this will not be unacceptable to Schollers.

There is mild excuse for irony in the reflection that whereas the first book auction in English was designed for the learned, only as a last resort does an auction cataloguer of today designate an assemblage of books hailed into the market place as "a scholar's library." Then he sits back fearing (and usually getting) the worst. But the irony is only skin deep. Scholar and collector were once one flesh. They have become twain—some of them, anyway—and the steps in the division of the nucleus lead, directly and inevitably, to the monumental and essential compendium here under tangential consideration,* which, listing the titles sold and the prices they fetched, in America only, during the most topsy-turvy decade in auction history, itemizes a turnover in literary property that must approach $15,000,000.

What has been happening to the values of rare books and manuscripts in this period? The lean years of 1930-1933 constituted the only economic crisis in history that has ever affected book prices. So drastic was the involvement that the book market has not yet recovered from it. The deflation may have been a deserved rebuke, for the 1920's had witnessed a fantastic ballooning of book values, culminating in the gilded incredibility of the Kern sale. It can be soundly argued, of course, that books held up as well as, or better than, securities.

But this is not the whole story. The old-school collector is on the way to becoming extinct. Whether the process will be halted is wholly unpredictable—the new school may turn old school. Certainly the old-school bookseller is frankly and perhaps unjustifiably pessimistic. He sighs for the days of the Chews and the Hagens and the Hoes and the Wallaces, of Herschel V. Jones and William Loring Andrews, of Marshall C. Lefferts and Henry W. Poor and M. C. D. Borden—for the day of days of Henry E. Huntington. That spacious era—spacious in the amplitude of its strong boxes, in its stratospheric removal from the tax collector, in its leisure for browsing and reading and study, in the sheer physical bulk of its country seats (the *drang nach* Park Avenue has raised hob with book-shelving and therefore with book selling)—can never be born anew from its own ashes. Can a different set of conditions produce anything at all approximating it?


THE
RELATION OF
a Wonderfull Voiage made by WILLIAM
CORNELISON SCHOUTEN *of Horne.*
Shewing how South from the Straights of *Magelan*, in
Terra Del-fuego: he found and discouered a newe passage
through the great South Sea, and that way sayled
round about the world.
Describing what *Islands, Countries, People*, and strange
Aduentures he found in his saide Passage.
AMERICA
LONDON
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FROM A VERY RARE FIRST OF THE HUNTINGTON COLLECTION

When all is said and done, if it ever is, there is only one factor that makes the price of a book go up or down: the degree to which somebody wants it and is able to pay for it abetted by the degree to which somebody else wants it not quite so much. Only such considerations can account for the fact that the Wallace copy of "Robinson Crusoe" (London, 1719, with the "Farther Adventures" and "Serious Reflections") sold for $2,050 in March, 1920, for $3,525 (Bernheim) in January, 1926, and for $1,600 (Seth Terry) in December, 1935, or for the added fact that a copy of Robert Dodsley's "The Preceptor" (London, 1775) containing inscriptions by four generations of the Adams family, from President John down, should sell for $160 in January, 1925 (Goldsmith), for $100 in March, 1927 (Bailey), for $65 in April, 1934 (Gaige), and for $50 in April, 1936 (Sabin). It speaks volumes—two in this instance—for the confusion of these times that this one lot has changed hands four times in eleven years.

Occasionally an auction lot exemplifies a consistent price level that no other commodity could ever hope to match. The corrected proof sheets of Browning's "The Ring and the Book" (London, 1868-9) sold for $680 in the Arnold sale of May, 1901. Thirty-five years later (Smith, April, 1936) they resold for $675. The Hagen copy of Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia" (London, 1658) was worth $100 in May, 1918, and the same amount in November, 1920, as the Clawson copy. Coolidge prosperity elevated it beyond its station in the Adam sale of February, 1926, when it fetched $130. As the Terry copy it had regained, in December, 1935, its proper economic status—$100. I leave the explanation of the following to one better equipped in numerology: Michael Drayton's "The Battaile of Agincourt" (London, 1627): Huth (June, 1912), £9; Chew (December, 1924), $190; Terry (December, 1935), $90. The Goelet copy of the same book (January, 1935) brought $140, and two years later (Harding, March, 1937) $120.

Stress is laid on the Seth Terry sale in these notes only because it contained a remarkably high percentage of items of lengthy and distinguished collector lineage. The trend was by no means all in one direction. The copy of Dickens's "American Notes" (London, 1842) which he presented to Jonathan Chapman, mayor of Boston and his first cisatlantic host, brought $1,050 at the Terry sale as against $950 at the Adam sale in March, 1926; Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" (London, 1820), first edition, second issue, original boards, $650 as against $320 as the Adam copy; Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" (London, 1642), the earliest (unauthorized) issue, $670 as against $380 as the Adam copy. To embrace longer time intervals, the Wallace copy of Herrick's "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" (London, 1648-47, two volumes in one) sold in March, 1920, for $510, and for $2,100 as the Terry copy; the Daly copy of Milton's "Poems" (London, 1640) sold in March, 1900, for $490, and for $3,100 in the Terry sale. At a more moderate, but still impressive, ratio of increase, the Huntington copy of Horace Walpole's "The Castle of Otranto" (London, 1765) brought $47.50 in December, 1917; as the Jones copy (March, 1919) $40, and as the Terry copy, $80. The Borden copy of the Kilmarnock Burns (1786) sold for $2,000 in February, 1913; for $2,200 in March, 1920, as the Wallace copy; for $3,200 as the Terry copy. And hurrahs echoed when the Christie-Miller "Paradise Lost" (London, 1667, first title-page), a superlative example which had been quite literally lost until its discovery at Lamport Hall in 1867, and which had sold in 1919 for £460 and in appearance in 1935 (Terry) for $17,500.

* *AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT. A PRICED INDEX. 1923-1932. Compiled by Eugenia and Lucie E. Wallace. 500 copies. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1936. $45. Prices listed in this paper are also cited from subsequent annual volumes in the series and (in the instance of more recent valuations) from auction catalogues.*

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auction appearance in 1935 (Terry) for $17,500.

What, if anything, do these disparities prove? Nothing save the unpredictability of the open market. But they hint at a little more. They suggest a higher degree of choosing among collectors, a strong trend toward selectivity, and rather more copy-cattery than is good for bibliophily. What shall it profit a man if his library duplicates a thousand others? The Chews and the Hagens and the Barlows ordered this thing better.

But theirs, from the point of view of one imbued with the passion to gather a great library, was an infinitely better world. It was, to be sure, like ours, a world wherein the only certainties were death and taxes, but it was also a world without surtaxes. The booktrade today might well initiate a tax school in order that its members might be able to instruct coy prospects in the possibilities of eating their cake and having it.

Glance for a moment at Shakespeare. Only one sound copy of the First Folio of 1623 has appeared at auction in recent years, selling in January, 1936, for $28,000, an American record. It had brought £208 in June, 1892, when a London bookseller acquired it and sold it to Marshall C. Lefferts. The Chew copy, with defects, sold for $11,750 in December, 1924—as the Wallace copy it had brought $8,000 in March, 1920, and as the Borden $7,800 in February, 1913. But a First Folio will always be a First Folio—age cannot wither it, nor custom stale the permanency of its appeal, cultural or commercial. Moreover the magic of Shakespeare's name has lent high prestige to later editions of the quartos to a degree unmatched elsewhere in the collecting panorama. These, however, have failed to maintain their earlier pace. The Wallace copy of "The Chronicle History of Henry the fift" (London, 1608 for 1619, third edition) sold for $1,250 in March, 1920; as the Terry copy it brought $830 in December, 1935. Even more illuminating is the history of the Jones copy —$1,750 in January, 1919; $1,000 in May, 1933 (Vickery), $525 in November, 1935. The Jones copy of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" (London, 1634, first separate) brought $835 in March, 1919, and $410 in December, 1935 (Terry).

Whether collectors or booksellers are willing to admit it or not, the sentimental appeal will always be stronger than the intellectual—stronger, indeed, and far healthier, than the speculative. Book-collecting of today is fad-ridden, but book-collecting has always been fad-ridden, and today's fads may prove to have been founded on a more intelligent basis than yesterday's.

It is unfair (and the temptation, on this account, is altogether too strong to resist) to cite resales from the Kern offerings of 1929 at this late date, yet late dates, alas, can never be earlier. One of the conductors of the Compleat Collector department of this publication listed, just over a year ago, a "reasonably complete" schedule of Kern reappearances since 1929. This table showed that thirty-two lots which had brought, at the Kern sale, a total of $28,660 had resold in the subsequent six-year period for $12,623.

Three Kern items were offered in a single sale (Joynt) in January of this year, one of which was a re-reappearance—the copy of Browning's "Aristophanes' Apology" (London, 1875) which he presented to Mrs. Corkran, with a short letter to George W. Smalley tucked in for good measure. Now, late presentation Brownings are probably as abundant as late presentation Galsworthys—no matter; a presentation Browning is a presentation Browning. As the Kern copy, Mrs. Corkran's "Aristophanes' Apology" sold for $375; as the Miller (December, 1934) $35; as the Joynt (January, 1937) $25. Cowper's "The Task" (London, 1782-85) brought $500 as the Kern copy and $140 as the Joynt. The Kern copy of the first edition of George Moore's "Evelyn Innes" which the author gave to Mrs. Swinton sold for $210; in the Joynt sale its value extended to only $22.50. But Kern resales mean nothing, or next to it. It is more significant, and more heartening, to record that the Whitall copy of Rupert Brooke's "Poems" (London, 1911), selling for $47.50 in February, 1927, came up again at the Joynt sale and brought $70. Somebody had added a slip-case to it, but slip-cases do not average $22.50.

Thereby hangs the inevitable tale. It would be unjust to make too much of this individual item, to say that as Brooke goes, so go auction values. But collector stress today is on the moderns. And the moderns do not begin with John Steinbeck (who seems to be the fair-haired child of this year's collectors, probably to his own considerable annoyance). No,

(*Continued on page* 21)

Twenty Years in Americana

Many of the Henry E. Huntington duplicates, comprising rare and important source material in American colonial history, which were sold at auction in 1917 reappeared at public sale with the dispersal of the William E. Breaker library in April, 1937. A schedule of price changes over the twenty-year interval is appended:

	Huntington	*Breaker*
Brereton, John: *Brief and True Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia.* London, 1602	$480	$575
Budd, Thomas: *Good Order Established in Pennsilvania and New-Jersey.* Philadelphia, 1685	485 (1)	450
Champlain, Samuel de: *Voyages de la Nouvelle France Occidentale, Dicte Canada.* Paris, 1632	525	550
Cotton, John: *Abstract of the Lawes of New England.* London, 1641	145	50
Denton, Daniel: *A Brief Description of New York.* London, 1670	2,450 (2)	2,100
Harcourt, Robert: *Relation of a Voyage to Guiana.* London, 1613	160 (3)	80
Hubbard, William: *The Present State of New England.* London, 1677	575	235
Johnson, Robert: *Nova Britannia.* London, 1609	550	225
Johnson, Robert: *New Life of Virginia.* London, 1612	1,250	675
Josselyn, John: *An Account of Two Voyages to New-England.* London, 1674	195	105
Keith, George: *Journal of Travels from New-Hampshire to Caratuck.* London, 1706	300	140
Rosier, James: *True Relation of the Voyage Made . . . by Captaine George Waymouth in the Discovery of the Land of Virginia.* London, 1605	450	475
Savage, Thomas: *Account of the Late Action . . . Against the French at Canada.* London, 1691	730	550
Shepard, Thomas: *Clear Sun-shine of the Gospel Breaking Forth upon the Indians in New-England.* London, 1648	385	125
Smith, John: *Map of Virginia, With a Description of the Country.* Oxford, 1612	1,200	500
Smith, John: *Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New-England, or Any Where.* London, 1631	625	600
Whitaker, Alexander: *Good Newes from Virginia.* London, 1613	975	300
Winslow, Edward: *Good Newes from New England.* London, 1624	700	225
Winslow, Edward: *Glorious Progress of the Gospel Amongst the Indians in New England* (fourth Eliot tract). London, 1649	425	180

(1) Sold for $160 at Brinley sale, 1880.
(2) Sold for $525 at Barlow sale, 1890, and for $615 at Ives sale, 1891.
(3) Sold for $46 at Ives sale, 1891.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

VI. A Touch of Fever

PANDARUS, knocking at the door of Troilus's lodging, gets no answer, but hears a female voice in utterance within. Making cautious entry, he is amused to find Troilus asleep on the couch, while his sister Cassandra's anxiety issues vehemently from a small radio.

It is a plainly furnished room of the Third Floor Back sort. Pandarus looks round: not inquisitively but with swift observant scrutiny. He notes sheets of scattered scribble on the desk where the young man has been trying some verses; large photos of King Priam and Queen Hecuba on the bureau; a shield and spear in a corner. He sits in the only easy chair, listening to Cassandra's broadcast which is now in peroration:—

You thought it just our anthill Troy besieged?
Nay, by dire foreknowledge of the gods:
It is all kindness, decency, and wit,
All consecutive effort of man's will,
Learnings, laughters, loves, and life itself
Here held in leaguer—

(The voice is drowned out by ironical applause, laughter, shouts, catcalls)

. . . Machines and sciences that master man
Until the human face, our only guess
What gods may look like, sweats in shame,
Lurks in a jackal jowl. And Superbeast Publicity, hyena bitch with wings,
The harlot, strumpet, vampire, succuba,
Summer in loins and winter in the brains,
Cohabits and canoodles drowsy souls
Rots the skull with intellectual pus,
And makes us carrion!

(Uproar, cries of shame and protest, come over the air. Pandarus shows signs of shock, is about to turn off the radio, but changes his mind and listens further.)

I didn't say Carry On (continues Cassandra's voice, with quite insulting calm) I said Carrion.
I was a nice child once, spoke well-bred speech,
Until the Wisdom seared my tongue with coal
And forced me cry these cindered words upon you.
By their decree, I give you utter choice:
Open your gates to foes and let them come,
Bid them in as travelers on picnic
Eager for shows and curiosities,
And take good profit of them. So, outsmart
Their childish temper, and refuse to fight.
So, cut the cord umbilical of hell.
Or else? They come, as otherwise they must,
In conquest and in spiky wreathes of fire
And lo a hundred generations yet
Men sift our ashes, sneezing in dispute
Where stood the sullen walls of silly Troy.

(We hear an uproar of rage and dissension)

I told the Vice President in charge of Production
They wouldn't listen. . . .
(And now, with beautiful contemptuous irony):—
Civilization, roll your one good ear
Deep in the goosedown pillow:
Go to sleep!

Exactly what he did, says Pandarus, clicking off the radio switch. I'm glad he didn't hear it; he'd have been terribly shocked. I wish the Left wasn't always so sinister. Some day the Popular Front will get a kick in the behind.

Troilus, who had been sleeping peacefully to the drone of the broadcast, wakes, and grumbles drowsily: Who turned off the radio, I was listening. . . . Oh, hullo Pan, I'm sorry, I guess I fell asleep.

My boy, says Pandarus (he's very fond of the young man) I haven't seen you in ages. I heard you'd been sick.

I've been a bit off color for several days, Troilus admits.—I guess I've got a touch of fever.

You're lucky. Think of still being able to get feverish about anything. That's the sad thing about my time of life: everything is so tepid.

Nonsense, you old hypocrite! I don't know anyone who gets as much fun out of things as you do.

Oh, but it's such temperate fun. I don't like these malignant pervasions of equanimity.

Troilus is a little anxious whether his manuscript verses have been observed; looks toward the desk to see if they're all right.—Have you been here long? he asks.

Just came in. I was listening to Cassandra on your radio. I think she's got fever too.

Those outbursts of hers are very embarrassing. She calls them boring from within.

Boring is right. These radicals are so dreadfully sentimental. They talk about the Rape of Helen, say why don't we give her back and end the War? Poor Helen was only a pretext, a sort of bright-colored recruiting poster for both sides. It's really a matter of who's to control the Black Sea commerce.

There must be more to it than that, says Troilus sadly. I hate to have it all seem so sordid.

Don't let me depress you. What with the income tax, the military situation, food rationing, and no angostura available for an oldfashioned cocktail, I've been a bit jaded.

Poor old boy! I guess you tycoons do rather get it in the neck.

We get it where Prometheus got the eagle; right in the liver. Well, as Ho Basileus always says, what we need is morale. But I can't take my morale straight. I like it morale and soda.

I wish I had something here to offer you. You see, I'm in training.

Nonsense; I was only joking. You know, I rather wanted to bring you a little present of some sort, but I didn't know what you'd like. Is there anything you need?

As a matter of fact, Troilus admits bashfully, there *is* something, but I don't suppose—

Now don't be pigheaded; tell me! Is it anything I can get?

Well, I think I've heard—don't laugh—is there really such a thing as a rhyming dictionary?

Yes, there is.

Marvellous! Tells you what rhymes to use to make a good poem?

Not quite that; but it can be useful. I tell you what, I'll lend you my old copy.

Do you mean to say—

Surely! I used to write verse myself. I wish I could remember some of it, I'd recite it for you.

I never would have guessed, Troilus says in amazement. (And of course the absolute quality of being young is never to suspect that anyone else was ever like that.)

Ah my boy, be glad of all those fresh new senses, cries Pandarus. Savoring things for the first time: everything prime, unique, glamorous, unprecedented! Quick as a grasshopper's knee, keen as a hound's nose! That's the time to run like a dog and inhale the flavors of the world!

Maybe you'd like to look at some of my attempts, Troilus suggests.

Thanks, says Pandarus, but I got just a glimpse as I came in. I'll wait till you get them finished. A little on the gloomy side, aren't they?

Poetry does have a way of going doleful on you.

Well, don't let it interfere with your work. I noticed you weren't quite up to form on the battlefield the other day. You mustn't mind my saying this, old boy; you're our first string reserve, and we need you badly.

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Troilus feels it only honorable, now, to confess to his old friend. I know I've been in terrible shape, he says. I really have been sick. You see, I'm in love.

Splendid! Who is she?

I can't tell you.

My dear fellow, I'm discretion personified. Also, I'm unshockable. I suppose it's some young person from the wrong end of town.

No.

Whoever it is, cajoles the genial satyr, I'm sure something can be arranged—if you'll remember your family position and be sensible.

If I tell you, you may be offended.

Why should I?

The only time I saw her, she was with you.

With me!—Pandarus is really aghast: all sorts of possibilities run wildly through his mind: and he thinks he has been so prudent.—With *me?* Zeusalmighty, where?

At the Palladium. The girl in black—

But that's my niece, Cressida. . . .

Your niece! That exquisite creature? I beg your pardon; I mean, I had no idea —I never saw her before.

She's been keeping to herself. There was some trouble—it's rather complicated. The family simply couldn't have another scandal.

Would it be possible for me to worship her from a distance?

That sort of thing's unhealthy. Dear me, another problem. You haven't told anyone?

Of course not.

Perhaps I *had* better have a look at those poems.

Oh, *would* you? cries Troilus delighted. They'll tell you so much better than I can, he says, hurrying to choose some papers.—This one, for instance! He reads a few lines:—

See how the little twisted tasselled pine
On crank support and naked maintenance
Spills itself into the heedless cliff:
So holds my love upon your rocky heart
And roots as idiot firm!

PANDARUS—Bravo! Very pretty, very pretty indeed. Why, my boy, that has a most graceful feeling. I'm not sure the simile's apt: I don't think Cressida's heart can really be described as petrified: but it's good lyrical strategy. Certainly you shall have that rhyming dictionary.

TROILUS—I'd never want anybody to know who wrote it.—Do you think she'd like it?

PANDARUS—My dear boy, they always like verse that's written specially for them. I don't suppose you remember the old Duchess of Hellespont; delicious creature. She was so tickled with a little thing I wrote for her, oh ages ago, let me see if I can recall it: let me see: My heart . . . my heart is like a skipping stone . . . yes:—

My heart is like a flattened stone
Flung gaily from the shore:
With hope and skill so deftly thrown
It skims the water o'er.
Like miracle, once more, once more,
It skips and skitters past,
But . . . rumpty tum . . . as I deplore
It always sinks at last.

Gracious, you make me feel young again. Well, well: so you think you really love her?

TROILUS—Oh, if I thought she'd ever even consent to be aware that I exist—

PANDARUS—She will. But mind you, the circumstances are peculiar. We've got to be careful.—Yes, these verses seem to have the right touch: a very pleasant mixture of prone and supine.

TROILUS—I wouldn't even expect to meet her. If I could just wear her favor; be her champion; write poems about her—

PANDARUS—Don't ever hesitate to speak favorably of female beauty. They may know it already, but confirmation is always welcome.

TROILUS—Girls never interested me before. They talk such rot. But as soon as I saw *her,* so different from the others—so humble and proud, and modest, to dress herself in that plain black—

PANDARUS—Hmm. Yes. Let me take one or two of these poems with me, I'd like to read them more carefully.—When do you go back to duty?

TROILUS—Tomorrow. Right away, if you want; I feel so much better.

PANDARUS—I suppose it's really a patriotic duty to keep the army in good spirits. When you go out to work tomorrow, can you vary your itinerary?

TROILUS—Surely.

PANDARUS—Instead of going down the Boulevard, take your troop through Epsilon Street. And throw a little swank into it. I'll see that Cressida is looking out to see you go by. What time would that be?

TROILUS—Right after lunch—a few minutes before two o'clock.

PANDARUS—Good. And be sure to look your best. Chin up, chest out, plenty of spit and polish.

TROILUS—I shall be terribly nervous.

PANDARUS—Witch hazel! Faint heart never won fair lady—By Jove, that's a good line, that's worth remembering.

TROILUS—But where does she live? Will *I* see *her*? How will I know if she's looking?

PANDARUS—You go ahead and mangle some Greeks. Leave the rest to me.

TROILUS—Pan, you've got me in such a state, you devil—

PANDARUS—It's a touch of fever. I must look up my old notebooks and get those verses right—

We skim the level water o'er
And keep afloat once more, once more,
But . . . rumpty tum . . . as I deplore
We always sink at last!

(To be continued)

Poe As Man, Artist, and Critic

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By Edward Shanks. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by SCULLEY BRADLEY

THIS is a small but important work. It comprises at once a biographical sketch, a sound and stimulating study of Poe as artist and critic, and an interesting examination of Poe's influence on world literature, especially the French Decadents and the later Symbolists. To this task Mr. Shanks has brought a useful equipment and a mature experience.

The biographical account in the book is only a sketch, but Mr. Shanks has consulted every authority with great intelligence, acknowledging, of course, a primary debt to Hervey Allen's "Israfel." His unique contribution, however, lies in his critical judgment of Poe as an author to be estimated at his highest, rather than at his lowest accomplishment, and ultimately valuable as much for his powerful influence as for his literary product. In tracing the nature and extent of this influence on the "many observers"—subsequent poets and writers of fiction—Mr. Shanks first considers the unique and essential quality that Poe contributed to literature. In this view of things mere perfection is less significant than unique perfection; "To Helen," for example, though its exquisite beauty is acknowledged, is less important than "Ulalume," which illustrates a kind of perfection first achieved by Poe, "the poem in which the element . . . which gave him his influence can now be seen in its purest form . . . the first great poem of the Symbolist School." For similar reasons Mr. Shanks is less interested in Poe's extraordinary command of rhythm than in such technical discoveries as the "re-echoing rime"—the device by which a line once used is quickly repeated with slight internal variation and identical rime. In considering Poe's short stories, by the same standards Mr. Shanks finds "The Fall of the House of Usher" is the most important, not only because of its perfection of form, but because it contains the complete sublimation of its author's complex character.

In his last chapter, "Poe and the World," Mr. Shanks very skilfully weaves together the various strands of his book to reveal Poe as the seed and symbol of the later Decadence—"that great attempt at a cultural secession from the interests of common humanity," which began with Baudelaire's discovery and translation of Poe. The school of Decadence is dead, and that of Symbolism, he believes is waning, but "it has left its mark plainly on the history of thought and literature" and Poe is "one of the few who have brought new beauty into the world."

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Business Cycle Theory

PROSPERITY AND DEPRESSION. By Gottfried von Haberler. New York: Columbia University Press. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

IN 1848, Karl Marx, convinced that the periodic depressions typical of industrial capitalism were subject to intensification, prophesied the collapse of the system. Economists, before and after Marx, preoccupied with the study of trends extending from creation to eternity, found little time to analyze mundane fluctuations of shorter duration. Not until the publication of Professor Wesley Sprague Mitchell's "Business Cycles" in 1913 did the alternating periods of prosperity and depression attract the more than passing attention of professional economists.

Neglect quickly gave way to solicitude, a shift conditioned as much by contemporary problems of instability as by insight into the shortcomings of the older theories of stability. So rapid was the growth of the literature on business cycles that in 1930, the Assembly of the League of Nations "decided that an attempt should be made to coördinate the analytical work then being done on the problem of the reoccurrence of periods of economic depression." The inquiry, divided into two stages, is concerned first with a critical evaluation of prevailing theories; secondly, a confrontation of these theories with historical facts. "Prosperity and Depression" presents the results of the first stage; the second is still in process.

Haberler devotes the first part of his book to an outline and criticism of the monetary, over-investment, under-consumption, psychological, and harvest theories of business cycles. In this, he had the benefit of consultation, oral and written, with the progenitors and adherents of these several doctrines. His presentation is as lucid as his judgment is sound; nor can elements of pedantry soaked in the milk of kindly judgment detract appreciably from his achievement.

In part two, he essays the more difficult task of constructing a synthetic exposition of the nature and causes of business cycles. Strategic are factors technological, monetary, and psychological whose interaction goes far to explain the processes of expansion and contraction. To illustrate, optimism about the future sale of automobiles will lead to the employment of men and to the purchase of materials not only in the automotive but also in allied industries; in turn, the banking community will create the money necessary for the hiring of men and the buying of equipment. These factors tend to reinforce each other. Only if new money can no longer be created, or worse, if the expectations of entrepreneurs are proven false, will the process be reversed. Cumulative tendencies typical of the advance will now hasten the retreat. This is the core of Haberler's analysis. He has interpreted the economists correctly, he has chosen wisely from their work. What does this synthesis imply for economic theory, for practical affairs?

Clearly, economics has not emancipated itself from its philosophical heritage: explanations of reality still proceed in terms of a revealed monotheism, at best a trinitarianism. Elaborate superstructures are forced to balance upon the most fragile foundations. To explain the totality of economic life, Haberler offers us a choice between fluctuations in the prodigality and parsimony of bankers, the inevitability of changes in the rate of growth of important industries, the obliquity of entrepreneurial judgments, manic-depressive tendencies in the business community, and variations in the behavior of Venus.

At this level, economic theory is either bad poetry or worse philosophy. When its propositions are broadly stated, everything in the universe can be subsumed thereunder. One is vaguely reminded of the opening lines of the Book of Ecclesiastes which likewise advance a theory of economic development but in a prose of slightly different quality. In the hands of the meticulous, the statement of a few assumptions and the manipulation of a few additional deductions usurp the stage; the myriad pieces of reality are forgotten, in fact their mutation is overlooked.

Haberler's review of a quarter-century development of business cycle theory is depressing, yet not hopelessly so. For instance, his case material will hasten the demise of the economic theory of old which dealt with eternal verities. The moral is clear: economics must become a study of economic change, and that alone. Perhaps it is true that the rapidity of change in economic events will result in a severe lag between their occurrence and the accumulation and interpretation of the data; perhaps students will be forced to imitate the Red Queen in "Alice"—to run more quickly in order to continue standing still. From this dilemma there is no escape. Men of genius will select for study the strategic variables; the mediocre will continue to collect rubbish. The future of economics, like the future of every discipline, will depend in the first instance upon the quality of its practitioners.

Except for idle men who consider it an idle sport, economics will always be intimately related to politics and if present trends continue the intimacy will grow. The last depression witnessed a substantial increase in the state control of economic life; every government was forced to act. Although the action of democratic governments was determined largely by political compromise—compromise is of the essence of democracy—economic theory was not without influence upon the course of affairs. Only fools act without taking thought and though politicians may be blackguards, they are not fools.

Indirectly, "Prosperity and Depression" throws considerable light upon this association of economics and politics. If the experimentalism of modern governments, above all our own, needs justification, here it may be sought. Mr. Roosevelt's skepticism of economic truths is founded in facts; Haberler is an invaluable source. Only when Mr. Roosevelt lost the wisdom which was his, and gave hostage to the economic theories of a particular school, was he led far astray.

Economics is not a revealed, nor even a historical, religion. It is a way of thinking. In a world such as this, in which the problems demanding attention and solution tax beyond endurance the abilities of the men who created them, economic theory has a role to play, though it be minor. Upon occasion, its analytical tools can facilitate the process of separating sense from nonsense; it can aid in the support of the good and in the destruction of the foolish. But it must not be forgotten that death is the reward of inaction. Though the courageous cannot escape, they have a right to venture.

Mr. Ginzberg, the author of "The House of Adam Smith," is a member of the department of social science of Columbia University.

Modern Warfare

EUROPE IN ARMS. By Liddell Hart. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ERNEST DUPUY, Major, F.A., U.S.A.

WHEN Liddell Hart, like the peddler named Stout, moves out on the King's highway of war, the professional soldier feels kinship with the little woman in the nursery rhyme whose petticoats were cut so short that ". . . she began to cry, 'Oh! deary me, deary me, this is none of I!' " This provocative author's shears of rationalization are still busy in his latest work—a loose compilation of articles previously published in newspapers and periodicals here and abroad.

Taking very sketchily the Spanish fury as symptomatic of the general trend of modern warfare, Captain Hart makes the amazing statement: "Fighting spirit itself is a factor of diminishing importance." Had he supported this theory by historical example of Franco's initial march on Madrid, stressing it for what it was—primary lesson from Spain that untrained enthusiasm cannot cope with trained discipline in open campaign—one might partly forgive the remark. But no; he ignores this lesson completely. Later on he declares that the Abyssinian campaign has shown the general staffs of the world the "fallacy of their argument that machines are not a substitute for men," bringing us squarely back to the original Liddell Hart apologia for the machine, without consideration of the human brain which must direct, the human body which must control, and the limitations of human flesh and blood which must affect any and all mechanization.

His comment on the Italian reverse at Guadalajara that a mechanized force "should be trained to keep off the roads, to move on wide fronts, and to maintain a state of controlled dispersion" is a masterpiece of theory untrammeled by consideration of the earth's surface. He correctly analyzes this Guadalajara offensive as one of motorization rather than mechanization but has almost entirely over-

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looked the one real lesson taught—the vulnerability of a motorized column to air attack.

Of his rambling dissertation upon the shortcomings in training and higher education of British officers, including a partly erroneous comparison of Sandhurst to West Point, but one item is of interest to the American reader—the necessity for analytic study of military history. Far too many professional soldiers on this side the water also dodge the subject, one stressed long before Liddell Hart's time by the greatest of captains—Napoleon. Incidentally, Captain Hart proves in his discussions of capital ships and sea power that he himself could with advantage devote some study to the works of the greatest expositor of sea power—Mahan.

Catch-phrases and clichés paraphrasing many principles of war spring from the author's facile pen in his discussion of the modern tactical problem. His confusion of the terms—*offense* and *aggression* in relation to the art of war—a fallacy common today amongst pseudo-tactitians — clouds the argument. Any generalization that defense is superior to offense ignores the basic fact that the winner of any fight is he who delivers the decisive blow — an act of offense and not defense; that in so doing he is or is not defending himself from aggression is beside the point.

LIDDELL HART

A really sound conclusion of Captain Hart is that the trend of modern warfare is away from the "nation in arms" and towards smaller, highly professional armies — in other words to the "nation at war," with massed resources supporting the armed forces. His discussion of the Mediterranean question is perhaps the best part of the book. A map would help here—even the roughest of sketch-maps—as also in other parts of the work.

Captain Hart touches upon the highlights of present major-nation armament without becoming too technical and with wisdom avoids prophecies. He is perhaps a bit optimistic in giving consideration to the possibility of Soviet Russia ever mobilizing 6,000,000 men in a fortnight, and perhaps a bit too pessimistic in his estimate of the German high command. He clearly notes the moral rather than physical effect of parachute-dropped forces in a future war, and punctures the fantastic bugaboo of gas-terror from the air. He omits all reference to the highly important factors of Poland and the Little Entente.

Major Dupuy's own book, "If War Comes," written in conjunction with George Fielding Elliott is to be published in October by the Macmillan Company.

Contemporary Nationalism

NATIONALISM AND CULTURE. By Rudolf Rocker. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THERE ought to be a word for this sort of book, but there isn't. Within certain limits, the reader knows what to expect when the reviewer analyzes for him a novel, a poem, a play, or even a biography or a history. Mr. Rocker, however, is writing about political philosophy, economic theory, metaphysics, history, anthropology, literature, theology, sociology, and a lot else. One is tempted to use Mr. Sorokin's recent unblushing coinage, "physico-psycho-sociological" writing, lumbering though it be. Perhaps, for lack of a better word, social philosophy will do.

Mr. Rocker's solution of the social problem is the anarchist one — a solution rarely reached by a German. Hitler's Germany is no place for anarchists, and this book is not inappropriately dated from Croton-on-Hudson. Mr. Rocker escaped from the Nazis in 1933 with nothing but the German manuscript of this book in his possession. Its publication in the original was obviously out of the question, but after many difficulties the loyal efforts of friends have borne fruit in an excellent English translation by Mr. Ray E. Chase. The book is an interesting addition to the literature of philosophical anarchism and a rather pathetic evidence that even in these authoritarian days the moral fire that inspires the anarchist movement has not quite died away. It is a long book, nourished on the omnivorous reading so often found among the countrymen of Spengler, and so preoccupied with getting to the bottom of things that it frequently gets lost. Its core is a destructive analysis of contemporary nationalism, which has certainly been done more incisively by others, but not more exhaustively and not more bitterly. Mr. Rocker will not make converts, but one may assume that he hardly hopes to do so.

Two forces, in the author's own terminology, are contending over man's destiny—religion, which is bad, and culture, which is good. The root of religion is the will to power, the root of culture the will to coöperation and freedom. Religion has assumed various forms, originating apparently in primitive animism, and passing through fetichism and theism to its modern form, the worship of the State. In all its forms it has been the means by which a power-hungry minority has secured the obedience of a cowed and deluded majority. With religion Mr. Rocker finds associated the things he dislikes—social castes and classes, resistance to change, intolerance, pride, war, cruelty, formalism, and so on. Power, hardened into religion, ends by corrupting its holders. The ruling minority becomes too stupid and unenterprising to rule, and is overthrown by another minority, which in its turn goes through the same process.

On the other side the forces of light are to be found in the benign and natural tendencies of the free human spirit, which lead men to wish to live and let live, to build their better impulses into culture, to join with their fellows in the search for more varied outlets for these impulses, to tolerate to the utmost the differing and fertile capacities of human beings uncursed by power politics. Mr. Rocker is a bit hard put to it to find a concrete society of this sort on earth, but he is inclined to see in the free urban communities of the Middle Ages something approximating his desires. This good political situation he calls federalism, as contrasted with evil nationalism. *Ecrasez l'infame* means today "crush the State." The outlook may seem dark, but the revolutionary energies of the last four hundred years, though often led astray, have really been directed towards true freedom, and we must not let them lag. One, or a few, more efforts and the incubus of State-Church-Politics will be lifted.

There is no more use in trying to "refute" Mr. Rocker than in trying to refute Keats or Mary Baker Eddy. Either Mr. Rocker's words evoke in you agreeable emotions of consent, or they don't. But it may be worth remarking that the anarchist temperament is generally faced with an unpleasant choice. Either the bad —authority, government—is incorporated in a minority of wicked men who have by force and fraud secured control over a majority of good men; or else the bad is incorporated in a majority of wicked or stupid men, the Hitlers and the Babbitts, against whom a minority of good men are waging a hopeless, but ennobling and necessary, struggle. Not all anarchists face this dilemma squarely, but most of them are uncomfortably aware of it. Mr. Rocker is quite firmly on the first or democratic side, and holds the doctrine of the natural goodness of man in a pretty uncompromising form. This makes him a follower of Godwin, Fourier, Kropotkin, and other optimistic anarchists, who trust John Jones—up to a point—and look forward to "true" democracy. The second or aristocratic anarchist is a much more unhappy person, since his contempt for the masses is often contradictorily mixed with hope for their salvation. Nietzsche was clearly this sort of anarchist, and so, one suspects, is Mr. Bertrand Russell. The point of view embodied in the late lamented *Freeman*, and even the *American Mercury*, was an American variant of aristocratic anarchism.

It is perhaps possible to approach the study of man in society without ethical preoccupations, to be unmoved by such grand words as freedom and coöperation. This attitude, however, is even rarer than anarchism, and particularly rare among Germans.

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The New Books

Biography

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH: The Letters and Journals of Elihu Burritt. By Merle Curti. New York: Wilson-Erickson, Inc. 1937. $3.

Mr. Curti has published in recent years three books and several articles on the history of the American peace movement. As a by-product of his researches he has collected slightly more than one hundred letters written by Elihu Burritt, a major figure and the outstanding personality of the crusade. These letters, together with approximately ninety extracts from Burritt's rich twenty-eight volume manuscript journal and a running sketch of Burritt's life, Mr. Curti now presents in book form.

Burritt's career completely illustrates the range, mutability, and vigor that was typical of the provincial cultures which flourished in pre-Civil War America. The poverty into which he was born and which dogged his footsteps throughout life gave him strength—the strength of daily applying the ordinary virtues of thrift, sobriety, and industry. He earned his livelihood as a blacksmith and turned from long hours of toil at the forge to evenings devoted to self-instruction. He disdained every suggestion that he should use his talents for self-aggrandizement. Refusing to divorce himself from manual labor and the contact it gave him with the aspirations of the working masses, he conceived his mission to be the improvement of the common man. His career led to prominence on both sides of the Atlantic as an organizer, promoter, and propagandist of reform movements, primarily pacifism, together with the kindred programs of abolition, temperance, labor reform, cheap ocean postage, and international arbitration.

Burritt deserves a full length biography by a historian of Mr. Curti's competence. What we have here is neither a biography nor a quite complete enough selection from the journal and scattered correspondence. Yet it suffices as an introduction. Burritt was able to transmit his ideas and something of his personality to paper. This, combined with Mr. Curti's knowledge and understanding of reform movements, produces a book that has charm and readability and sheds some light on an important chapter of American life. P. H. B.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
OCTAGON HOUSE *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Norton: $2.)	Murders of amoral artists' model and wealthy play-boy, also whereabouts of $50,000 lump of ambergris, irk Asey Mayo consid'ble.	Cape Cod characters, incensed by recognizable figures in libelous post-office murals, add quaintness and humor to dizzily plotted yarn.	For Asey fans
MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER *Timothy Brace* (Dutton: $2.)	Double killing in Florida trailer camp solved by sleuth Anthony Adams who rolls super-de-luxe trailer of his own.	Crimes not so "perfect" as blurb alleges but background is timely, plot puzzling, and suspense holds up well.	Worthwhile
CAPTAIN SAMSON, A.B. *Gavin Douglas* (Putnam: $2.)	Falsified chart sends Samson's ship on rocks. Determined to get wrecker he ships as common seaman on steamer with suspect.	Choleric captain, unused to taking orders, simmers ominously through tempestuous yarn, finally exploding as criminal almost succeeds second time.	Rip-snorter!
WHO IS NEMO? *Roy Douglas* (Lippincott: $2.)	Nameless waif rescued from drunken killer by female Fagin develops into daring lone wolf crook and finally discovers his true name.	Variation No. 973 on hallowed theme, with gangster trimmings, romantic furbelows, villainy no end, and blood telling, hurray, at finish.	Time-passer
MYSTERY PUZZLES *Austin Ripley* (Stokes: $1.)	Sixty "minute mysteries" (case on one page: solution, upside down, next) solved by Prof. J. Fordney—and reader.	Some answers are abecedarian others pretty tricky. All "cases" are snappy and the Dr. Seuss pictures are howls.	Diverting
CAVALIER OF CRIME *Frank Hedley* (Lippincott: $2.)	English airman sees easy way to make money in robbing rich, and gets away with it.	Picaresque yarn with some amusing and exciting situations also much romantic flub-dub.	Trifling

Fiction

RUSH TO THE SUN. By William Brown Meloney. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Two main elements are prominent in the plot of Mr. Meloney's novel. The first and more successfully exploited one centers around the hero, who is the very pattern of a practical farmer, able to make a living out of agriculture without appealing to Washington for aid, yet withal something of an idealist. Surrounded by the sordid, he remains unengulfed, and his far from earthbound romance with the local schoolteacher presents philosophic overtones of some subtlety. His character is well delineated by the author, though not wholly convincingly. By contrast, the second important theme of the book seems brutally realistic, and is treated in less satisfying fashion. The hero's sister, a widow, marries the hired-man, not knowing that her seventeen-year-old daughter is already with child by him. Both mother and hired-man are disposed of in the ensuing tragic proceedings, but not before a great deal of space has been devoted to episodes of violence that come dangerously near the sort of thing burlesqued in "Cold Comfort Farm" and other satires on the novel of the soil. These bucolic passages, incidentally, are supposed to occur practically within commuting distance of New York.

Mr. Meloney naturally runs into occasional difficulties in trying to blend romance and realism sufficiently closely to carry off the story as a whole, and the narrative, though not without sting at its climax, is weakened by the conflicting elements in the plot and in the author's mind. There is much good writing of a simple, virile sort in the account of Alf, his farm, and his ideas, but in the other scenes due restraint is often lacking. It would take a new Zola to do full justice to certain incidents in the story, but Mr. Meloney's version is at least boldly conceived; the book is imperfect but interesting, giving ample evidence in its more lucid moments that a novelist of strength and resource will emerge once the author has worked off a little excess steam.

LET WINTER GO. By Isabel Wilder. Coward-McCann. 1937. $2.

From the story contrast between two of the central figures of this novel Miss Wilder derives a picture of one of the largest unresolved problems of our day: what to do with the married woman who just does not want to take over the burdens—or even the compensations—of her married state. Alicia Rowe is in love with Francis Hyatt; she is philosophical, understanding—and the eldest of five. But Enid is married to Francis; she has never been trained to be anything except beautiful—and at that she still succeeds.

Our sympathy may be all for Francis, whose career she has ruined; or for their daughter Judy, whose childhood is shadowed by the quarrels which are the only way Enid finds of bringing drama into her life; but the fact remains that America is full of Enid Hyatts, and what shall we do to keep our Judys from growing up to be like them?

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No real demands were made on her energy; no one asked if she had any talents. All that was asked was a series of dull self-abnegations. She was too shallow to escape from her situation, which is so common that no one takes it seriously. If she had joined a club, no matter how feeble; or got herself a job, no matter how ill-paid or unexacting; if she had Taken a Course;—any of these moves might have brought her the approval of the community, and ultimately perhaps self-approval. Instead, she fell back on a life in no way defensible; she overspent, she flirted, she nagged, and she neglected.

Miss Wilder's solution, violent death, is open only to the novelist. It remains to be seen what Alicia can make of the same situation once she is married to Francis. For there are many intelligent and not too shallow Enids for whom the normal set-up is unsatisfactory; one would like to read a sequel by Miss Wilder which dealt with that question. Such a book Miss Wilder is admirably fitted to write; for besides her technical skill and her earnestness, her writing is distinguished by its lack of that listing of inconsequential details and actions which is a common pitfall among women writers.

K. S.

EX-LOVE. By Mateel Howe Farnham. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.

Here is a novel whose theme is woman's inhumanity to man as evidenced by the vicious perversion of our alimony laws.

John Brandt, after ten years of marriage with a vain, possessive, and greedy woman, permits her to divorce him and supinely promises her half of his salary, at that time $10,000. For Carlotta divorce is merely a means for freeing herself from the obligations of marriage while retaining its prerogatives. For John it is a shock that almost completely robs him of his common sense. It must be admitted that for a bright young business man John seems incredibly "easy," but then Carlotta was undoubtedly incredibly beautiful. After a series of flirtatiously titivating evenings with his ex-wife, however, he realizes he must escape from her fascinations, and partly with that aim and partly because he is really attracted, he marries Cathy, a young working-woman who adores him and has all the virtues Carlotta lacks. The spurned Carlotta is then obsessed by all the fury said to be beyond that of hell itself, and when the depression makes it impossible for John to continue her alimony, she hails him into court and finally to jail. How she is finally circumvented you must read for yourself.

Mrs. Farnham has obviously written this novel in the white heat of indignation. If she is more interested in driving her argument home than in making her characters convincing, her story is nevertheless interesting, its weakness that of most propagandist novels. Certainly her indictment is wholly warranted, and if it helps to arouse recognition of the possibilities for legalized blackmail inherent in our alimony laws it is all to the good.

A year or two ago an Englishman wrote a novel in which he wittily castigated England's archaic divorce laws, after which he got himself sent up to Parliament and succeeded in modifying to a considerable degree—for the British—the musty and stupid regulations. Mrs. Farnham is not another A. P. Herbert. When she is outraged she can't be funny. But if she will follow up "Ex-Love" by going to Congress and fighting for uniform decent marriage and divorce laws, this reviewer will forget the fact that her cause is mightier than her novel and back her to the limit.

M. S. U.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS. By Michael Sadleir. Putnams. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Sadleir writes well, and perceives well; that is why one regrets that he makes things so easy for himself. He would rather be witty than wise; else why torture his text to include the vapid prettinesses of manner it contains?

Nicholas Dering, Mr. Sadleir's hero, has been eclectic in his love as in his education. The four loves of his life had nothing in common but their frustration, the naïveté of the hero's approach, and the shrewdness of his escape. He narrates his vie amoureuse to Sally, the great love of his life with whom he had a very satisfactory idyll, "the love" says the Scotsman," that justifies the adjective immortal." She fought against it, for she was married, and her husband would not divorce her; and though he did not permit her to see their child, Danny, still she felt it would be deserting Danny if she were elsewhere than in America. That, we suppose, is a valid reason; it is not given as the chief one. What mainly caused their parting was the sense that it had all been too perfect to last. This is a solution which must necessarily leave the simpler—or the more robust—a little impatient. The risk of spoiling love by marriage is after all a familiar one that most healthy people are sooner or later trapped into taking. Dering's acceptance of this ancient shibboleth is less a tribute to the force of his passion than a further testimony to the will to fail which had been the most constant factor of all his emotional life.

Surely the next step to Mr. Sadleir's style is the cross-word puzzle; as the next step to Mr. Sadleir's philosophy of love is the nunnery.

K. S.

CLAUDE. By Geneviève Fauconnier. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

The far from downtrodden American woman of today will no doubt be filled with wonder at the state of things revealed in this autobiographical French novel. Claude is the "exploited" woman if ever there was one, the perfect type of provincial brood-mare and hard-worked farmer's wife. Since she is by education and sensibility unfitted for the role of a strong woman of the soil, her life after an unwise marriage is mostly unhappy. The tale of her woes unfolds somewhat haltingly and in retarded tempo, using much of the time the dullest of all fiction methods to carry on the narrative—that of quotations from a diary, in which memories of Claude's childhood are interspersed with memoranda to buy salt or have the family Ford repaired. The resultant tone of the book is low and excessively *terre à terre,* rendering the whole genuine enough as a transcript of life but static and monotonous as a story. Children are born, the seasons pass, crops fail, the mortgage is never lifted, and the companion of Claude's youth goes his way after a brief moment of mutual realization, leaving her yoked for the rest of her days to an unresponsive husband and insoluble financial difficulties. Mme. Fauconnier has put much sincere good work into her book; it is full of the flavorous stuff of Saintonge life, but it does not make exhilarating reading. Transference of Claude's story into English has been managed with unusual discretion by Lauren Ford—no mean accomplishment in view of the author's introspective style and broken narrative technique. He has also provided some charming little country vignettes for the book, but unfortunately they have been reproduced on a scale so small as to be practically invisible without a magnifying glass.

T. P. J.

THE PRESENCE OF EVERETT MARSH. By Playsted Wood. Bobbs-Merrill. 1937. $2.50.

This is a story of life in a public school in Wisconsin, told chiefly from the teachers' point of view. Stories about life in English boarding schools are legion; stories about life in American boarding schools are not rare; "The Presence of Everett Marsh" is almost if not quite the first novel with the American system of public education as a background.

Playsted Wood takes a crack at political control of schools, and another at the charts, questionnaires, and white rats of educational experts, but the distinctive thing he has done is to emphasize a curious truth with which all teachers are familiar—the personality of a school, whether public or private. The personality of the Big School is an extension of the personality of Everett Marsh, its principal for many years. Marsh knew little and cared less about the reverberant generalities of psychology-ridden educational experts; he knew a lot about psychology, especially about adolescent psychology. He was severe but fair, gruff but by no means unapproachable; above all he was a hater of bunk. He gave to the Big School a character which persisted after his death, achieving therefore the immortality which is reserved for teachers. For a teacher's success is estimated not by what he himself accomplishes, but by what other men do with their lives. Clinton Minot, beginning his teaching career as a smug and supercilious young ass, was one of these men. He grows, but he does not grow enough to be altogether convincing at the end of the book. Wilmot Swingle, the tinkling cymbal who takes over the Big School after Marsh's death, is characterized with a satirical touch that is almost sure; he might have been more effective if he had had more vice to balance his ample folly.

The presence of Everett Marsh, continuing after his death, gives unity to the episodes of the tale. It may be that the treatment as a whole lacks the veiled emotional enthusiasm which must have existed in the Big School itself. "The

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Presence of Everett Marsh" is nevertheless an exploration in a field of American life new to fiction, and is decidedly worth reading.

G. C.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE. By Rion Bercovici. New York: Sheridan House. 1937. $2.50.

Rion Bercovici, like his creation Martin Sommers, is a press-agent with a wholesome disrespect for his profession. "We're parasites on the vanity of . . . people," he has Sommers say. Sommers, as the mock-hero of "For Immediate Release," knows that his job is to create a fake importance for unimportant persons, to give them a false lustre with publicity's trick light-effects. But his cynical understanding of other people's vanities does not guard him against the same vanities in himself. Succumbing to the legend of his own importance, he ends by being hoist with his own petard.

The idea is appealing in its possibilities and a credit to the novelist's powers of humorous detachment from the world he works in, but its execution is slapdash and haphazard. The novel is almost wholly in dialogue, and the dialogue reads like the crudest brand of Hollywood. The characters, taken from stock, give the impression of having been clothed too hurriedly and left with their shirt-tails hanging out. The story moves at a great pace and gets almost nowhere. It unfolds a series of wild schemes for publicity build-ups which are none of them clever enough to justify their improbability. The gullibility of Sommers's clients must be such stuff as press-agents' dreams are made on, but it carries no conviction in daylight. Granted that satire needs a world of fools for its material and exaggeration as its technique, it must still have a certain ironic plausibility within the framework of that world. A slyer approach and a defter handling were needed to bring out the entertaining possibilities of this first novel.

L. J. H., Jr.

SALLY LUNN. By Leo Walmsley. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

Though the jacket announces this as Mr. Walmsley's fourth novel, it is difficult to believe it is not a first attempt. Certainly it has most of the amateur's least endearing traits. Where conversation would have seemed most necessary, *i. e.*, in the explanation of character, there is simple exposition, and when exposition would have sufficed, conversation obtains. The author occasionally abandons his characters and his story alike to describe the difficulties that have beset British fishermen since the war, the differences between inshore and steam trawling, and details about fishing boats and Diesel engines. It belongs to the "you see it was like this here" school of fiction and recounts the adventures of Henry Lunn's family, more particularly of his daughter Sally. There was a small feud between the Lunns and the Fosdycks, the two fisher families of Bramblewick, and Sally added an emotional complication by falling in love with a Fosdyck who appeared to be indifferent to her. There is the further excitement of a storm or two (in which even the author does not seem to believe) and problems about what boat to buy, whether the life saving boat should be abandoned, and whether the Lunns should move from Bramblewick to Burnharbour.

The action, such as it is, alternates between fishing problems and Sally's love affair. There is no doubt about the sincerity of the author's intention to write a pleasant novel (all the people are efficient and agreeable, even the Fosdycks aren't villains) with a subject and setting on which he is obviously very well informed. The only trouble is that it is a hard book in which to become interested.

C. M.

International

ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY AMERICAN TO DO HIS DUTY. By Quincy Howe. Simon & Schuster. 1937. $2.

Mr. Howe suffers from an aggravated case of Anglophobia and has written this book to get it off his chest. In his opinion, American foreign policy has always been deplorably subservient to Britain. The Monroe Doctrine was merely a device for underwriting Britain's stake in Latin America, and the Open Door policy accomplished the same end in the Far East. The British dragged us into the World War and almost inveigled us into joining the League of Nations which was only designed to guarantee the British Empire. Even so, they obtained our signature to the Washington and London naval treaties. And now, aided and abetted by the "British Network" in the United States, perfidious Albion is subtly trying to entangle us in an Anglo-American alliance.

In setting forth all this Mr. Howe falls into gross error and exaggeration. Apparently he assumes that if any policy followed by Washington happens to coincide with that of Britain, it is necessarily inimical to the interests of the United States. He would almost make us believe that England conspired with the American Revolutionists to set up a state independent in theory but in reality masquerading as a British dominion just to fool the rest of the world.

This criticism does not mean that Mr. Howe's book does not serve a useful purpose. There are many elements in this country who have an exaggerated admiration for all things British and are all too ready to rush into a tacit or open alliance with Britain for the preservation of democracy and, incidentally, of the British Empire. Mr. Howe's tactics, however, may antagonize rather than persuade them. And there will be many who will refuse to resign themselves to his solution—a consistent policy of isolation.

J. C. Dew.

Miscellaneous

DAYLIGHT MOON. By Elizabeth Chabot Forrest. Stokes. 1937. $3.50.

The amateur in the Arctic usually writes a book, and it is dull stuff, as a general thing, a depressing recital of quaint customs and rigors drearily endured. But Mrs. Forrest is of different calibre; on lonely nights in Oregon she and her husband would burn a dead juniper to enjoy its towering sparks; in northernmost Alaska they just as simply devised delight from their Eskimos.

For three years the igloo town of Wainright was their home. When they accepted the government appointment to teach school there they had no notion that they would be required by their pupils to serve also as doctor, missionary, judge, and arbiter of trade. They knew nothing of medicine and even less of formal piety, yet within a few months they discovered that necessity had made them competent administrants of both. They managed at last to make the neglected reindeer industry pay, working patiently to change the natives from hunters to herdsmen, from savages with no conception of husbandry to enthusiastic members of a coöperative store. And they had the sanity to wonder often whether they were trespassing on the sovereign rights of the people who trusted them. It was hard to know what to do when old Ahwahrook took them to task for using the schoolroom, which was also the church, as a trading post. Hadn't Christ driven the money-changers from the temple for just that sacrilege?

Mrs. Forrest makes no pretense to heroism, for courage is a commonplace in the far North, and in her own case it meant not only closing the eyes of the frozen dead, or waiting days for her blizzard-bound husband, alone in a shack with the temperature 57 below, or sledding a hundred miles to her nearest white neighbor. It meant the endurance of Eskimo filth, even in her own house when she could not wash the floor without making of it a skating rink, so quickly would it freeze. It meant finally the bearing of a child in that desolate land. Her book is a pleasant one for the love that went to the writing of it and the joy of danger that floats each chapter like a buoy.

H. D.

MACAW. By Peggy von der Goltz. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Mac is only a youngster, as macaws go, being about forty, but if experience maketh the macaw Mac is old beyond his years. Born in the American tropics, he left his nest untimely to take up residence in the primitive hut where José and Maria lived. Before he was fully grown he was crossing the ocean on his way to the Berlin zoo, where he lived happily till the World War forced him to go on a reduced diet. The post-war years, for Mac as for others, were years of uncertainty. He came to America again, in quest of a new life, and after a series of adventures in the pet-shops of New York found a happy home on Long Island, and was reunited with his first love, Betti of the Berlin zoo.

This novel is Mac's biography written by his mistress. But, as presented here, Mac is merely a human child in bird-plumage, with none of the spiritual attributes that make the macaw-kind so superior to our humankind. Kipling dealt with the banderlog in human terms and still managed to give an unparalleled portrait of their simian personalities. H. M. Tomlinson got more of the macaw personality into his description of Mac's namesake, which occupies

(*Continued on page* 22)

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. *Little, Brown.*

ONLY YESTERDAY. By Frederick Lewis Allen. *Harpers.*

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. By H. L. Mencken. *Knopf.*

The Short Story

Will you kindly advise me [writes B. E. R. of Spokane, Wash.] *where I can get books on the technique of the short story as exemplified by the moderns?*

ONE of the most useful books for B. E. R.'s purposes is the volume by Henry Seidel Canby entitled A STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY (Holt) which last year was brought up to date by Alfred Dashiell. This is a critical and historical summary of the short story from 1912 to 1935, with examples of the type, including those of recent grist. Another work which should prove of value to B. E. R. is Stewart Beach's SHORT STORY TECHNIQUE (Houghton Mifflin).

Ethel Sidgwick

J. T. S. of Woodstock, N. Y., *asks, not for information of the published work of Ethel Sidgwick since she possesses all that, but of the personality of this very retiring author.*

Miss Sidgwick evidently has a rooted objection to publicity for there is nothing about her in the usual compendiums. Even WHO'S WHO has the barest of notices from which hardly more may be gathered than that she went to the Oxford High School and that she is much interested in music and literature. There are several pages (95-106) on her in R. Brimley Johnson's SOME CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS: WOMEN.

"Can you suggest," writes J. W. K. of Canton, Mo., *"some books about books? By that I mean books that contain bits of chatter about authors and their works, such as A. Edward Newton's* AMENITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING *or Isaac Disraeli's* CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE *and* CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS." *Also he wishes to know whether there are any modern reprints of Dibdin's* BIBLIOMANIA, LIBRARY COMPANION, *or* REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY LIFE, *or of Richard de Bury's* PHILOBIBLON.

In Holbrook Jackson's ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA (Scribners), "a pageant of books for the bookman," by "a scholar without scholarship," J. W. K. will find juicy reading of the sort he desires. Christopher Morley's EX LIBRIS CARISSIMIS (University of Pennsylvania Press) should also prove just to his taste, for the five talks on books and bookcollecting presented under this title are precisely the kind of informal, anecdotal discussion that will strike enthusiasm from the lover of literature. A. S. W. Rosenbach's BOOKS AND BIDDERS (Little, Brown) is full of incidents in the experience of a great collector and dealer who has been close to the most important sales and finds of his day. I cannot discover that there is any modern edition of Dibdin's works, but de Bury's LOVE OF BOOKS-PHILOBIBLION has been issued by the Oxford University Press in their Medieval Library series for $1.85.

Books on Mediterranean Shores

W. M. S. of Coatesville, Pa., *who is planning to leave on a trip for Palestine in October, asks if there are any books on Mediterranean ports more recent or supplementary to those contained in a list I published in these columns a year or two ago.*

There have been a number of more or less personal accounts of jaunts through the lands bordering the Mediterranean, but most of them are of slight value. The ever industrious Clara E. Laughlin has added to the roll of her SO YOU'RE GOING books one entitled SO YOU'RE GOING TO THE MEDITERRANEAN (Houghton Mifflin), compiled in part from earlier volumes, and not many months ago there was published a very interesting narrative of the sea called SOUTHERN CROSSING (Dutton). Its author, Philip Rigg, made a six months' voyage on a small sailing ship from Athens, Greece, to Florida, and his chronicle recounts in detail his day by day adventures. An intelligent and acute observer, what he has to say of the ports he made before passing out of the Mediterranean at Gibraltar makes good reading for anyone who is shortly to visit them himself. Rolland Jenkins's MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE (Putnams), though it lacks liveliness, is an informed and informative guide. If W. M. S. has not read Blasco Ibañez's OUR SEA (Dutton) he will, I am sure, find that a work much to his taste, for here an author, steeped in love for the Mediterranean, familiar with its moods and beauties along the coast of his Spain, writes of it with colorful pen and intimate affection.

The Chronology of Dumas Romances

M. E. M. of New York City *wants to know in what order the historical novels of Dumas should be read.*

Dumas was so prolific a writer, and so great a part of his output was historical, that I take it for granted that what M. E. M. wishes is not the sequence of all his novels but of the most famous series. These begin with the so-called Valois romances which have as their central figure Henry IV and cover the years 1572-85. In chronological order they run as follows: MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, LA DAME DE MONSOREAU (usually published in English as CHICOT THE JESTER), and THE FORTY-FIVE GUARDSMEN. They are followed in time by that group of novels consisting of the most famous of all cloak and sword romances, THE THREE MUSKETEERS, and its sequels, TWENTY YEARS AFTER and THE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONE, which carry events along from 1626-71. The third great group consists of the Marie Antoinette series, THE MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN, THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE, ANGE PITOU, LA COMTESSE DE CHARNY, and THE CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE, taking in the years 1770-93. THE WHITES AND BLUES carries the annals of the Revolution on to the Directory and the rise of Napoleon. Dumas, of course, was the narrator par excellence, and it is interesting to recall that another great writer of historical novels, William Makepeace Thackeray, found complete contentment in reading THE THREE MUSKETEERS from morning to night.

Who Will Bid Most?

(*Continued from page* 13)

they go back at least as far as Thomas Bailey Aldrich—not the Aldrich of "Père Antoine" and its exiguous total of twenty copies, without which no library of a generation ago could hope for an AAA rating, but the Aldrich of "The Story of a Bad Boy," a copy of which, so brilliant that not even any good boy could ever have handled it, sold for $625 in January of 1936. And in January of this year a copy of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" more sparkling than Penrod's self brought $105—it had the dust jacket, to the high disgust of everyone concerned save the seller and the buyer.

The future of the rare-booktrade (which means the future of our great permanent libraries, incidentally) is in the hands of the young collector and the young bookseller. It is, perhaps, a natural consequence that they are both interested, at the moment, in young authors. Young is an elastic term—it includes, in this instance, Robert Frost, and it excludes, for the moment and perhaps forever, James Branch Cabell. (The fault is not altogether Mr. Cabell's.) As the young booksellers and the young collectors mature, what are their first interests going to be? The answer to that question will make a splendid paper for the *S. R. L.* along about 1950. They have the zest and enthusiasm as well as the intolerance of their immaturity. Perhaps they are already anticipating the intelligence of their elders, which, right now, would not be much of a trick. Of the young bookseller it may especially be said that he is bringing to his chosen calling a degree of cultural background, of general education, of specific literary interest, of bibliographical acumen which some of his predecessors might envy him. They'd better.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 179)

WILLIAM MORRIS—
"THE AIMS OF ART."

I have said as much as that the aim of art was to destroy the curse of labour by making work the pleasurable satisfaction of our impulse towards energy, and giving to that energy hope of producing something worth its exercise.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

one page of "The Sea and the Jungle," than Mac's mistress has managed to get into a whole book. The definitive biography remains to be written.

L. J. H., Jr.

Science

MYSTERIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By E. L. Grant Watson. Stokes. 1937. $1.75.

Naturalists usually dread books about "mysteries" in their field, fearing that the alleged puzzles will be fraudulent or based upon incomplete knowledge. Science is in the business of clearing up mysteries, not multiplying them. It is, however, in the business of posing real questions and trying to answer them soberly. And the author of this easy and pleasing little volume asks legitimate questions though he does not attempt to solve the problems.

Of caterpillars that are invited by ants into their nests and fed on the ants' own offspring, of parasitic bee queens who persuade sober humble-bees to neglect their own queen and children for her and hers, of the huge, deeply convoluted brains of whales that somehow do not think (or do they? asks the author), Mr. Watson writes. Of these and much more. His mysteries when resolved into abstract generic terms are, most of them, simply concrete examples of the larger, general mysteries of parasitism, mimicry, metamorphosis, symbiosis, instinct, animal sagacity, sympathetic adaptation, environmental influence. Back of these lie still more fundamental and more unsolved mysteries—the final causes that have rattled and baffled philosophy since it began, the *entelechy* of Aristotle, the unsolved problem of chance versus determinism in the whole physical-vital phenomena. Life force, *Waltratzel*, the wonder of life are words we use for what we do not understand. Mr. Watson draws these incomprehensions gracefully to the attention of an age too ready to accept the illusion that plotting a curve of metabolism or the frequency of certain behavior is any sort of an explanation.

True, a few of the author's mysteries, such as the way a petrel is able to follow the stern of a fast ocean vessel without beating a wing, are susceptible of such simple mechanical explanations that it is astounding that he has not thought of them, or heard them expounded. But on the whole, his mysteries are genuine ones and his style is smooth and sound. The woodcuts in the Claire Leighton manner, so popular now, are by Barbara Greg and distinctly less stylized and heavy than most. In format the volume is well above average bookmaking.

D. C. P.

Brief Mention

Wilson-Erickson, Inc., have reprinted Alonzo Delano's *Across the Plains and Among the Diggings*, one of the best first-hand accounts of the California rush, with modern photographs by Louis Palenske. It is good to have Delano's book available at $4.50 but the photographs are disappointing. They are at best mere records, and not very adequate records. Merely as photography, they suggest that Mr. Palenske either used color-blind plates which is a bad mistake in dry air, or consistently overexposed, which is even worse. Edward J. Allen's *Second United Order among the Mormons* (Columbia University Press, $2.25) though but little more than a series of expanded notes, nevertheless marks an invaluable further step in the economic and sociological study of Mormonism. Geddes's *The United Order Among the Mormons* of some twelve years ago covered the abortive Missouri phase of this divinely instituted communism, and Mr. Allen now outlines the history of the equally abortive reinstitution of it during Brigham Young's last years. Much more material must be brought to light before any final conclusions may be made, and Mr. Allen's treatment is pretty superficial, but he has made available much that has never seen print, some of it directly from Church records. One wonders why he repeatedly refers to Kirtland, Ohio, as "Kirkland."

Under the title of *Making a Motion Picture in 1848* (St. Paul, 1936) the Minnesota Historical Society prints Henry Lewis's journal with an introduction and notes by Bertha L. Heilbron. Lewis was the creator and proprietor of an enormous panorama which depicted the Mississippi River for the awe of our great-grandfathers. The journal is less interesting than Miss Heilbron's comments on it, especially those that deal with the making of other panoramas. My impression, unverifiable at the moment, is that, in its final stages at least, Banvard's earlier and even more famous panorama did extend to the upper river, which Miss Heilbron denies. Be that as it may, the little book covers a forgotten but highly interesting phase of our social history, and one regrets that Miss Heilbron and the Society did not extend its scope.

For those interested in esthetics Walter Abell's *Representation and Form* (Scribner's, $3.) will prove to be more applicable to current thinking than most books on esthetics. Its final conclusion that "what determines the esthetic significance of form is its relative amplitude —its range, richness, variety, complexity" —is interesting. * * * Mr. Van Meter Ames's *Proust and Santayana* (Willett, Clark & Co., $2.) is called "the esthetic way of life" but will probably be most interesting to the general reader for its detailed account of the private life of Santayana. * * * Two Shakespeare items of interest are the *Hamlet* in the serial edition of Shakespeare being edited by John Dover Wilson—an edition which promises to be exceedingly important (Macmillan, $2.50), and *Supplement for the Years 1930-1935 to A Shakespeare Biography*, by Walther Ebisch and Levin L. Schucking (Oxford, $1.75). * * * The Yale Press has added to its *Economic and Social History of the World War* a volume by David Mitrany, *The Effect of the War in Southeastern Europe*. This book deals chiefly with the economic and governmental changes resulting from the war, and since the Balkans are now at last beginning to emerge from economic chaos and political uncertainty, it should prove to be a definitive work.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN in good spirits, cheerful companion, capable housekeeper, graduate nurse, desires position. Box 204-C.

FEMININE B.A., does research, translating, theatrical handicraft, assists authors. Box 205-C.

CHEERFUL YOUNG MAN wants family-like job. Chauffeur's license; good at shorthand, typing; handy. Hobbies: philately, photography. Will travel anywhere. References. Box 206-C.

GENTLEMEN interested in public speaking are invited to join a discussion group. Good fellowship. Moderate dues. Box 207-C.

THE BLUE DOOR, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers quiet and rest—good food, good beds, and open fires. Ideal the year round for writers and others seeking comfortable and serene living. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

WANTED: Poe Complete. Editor, J. A. Harrison. Excellent condition. Price reasonable. L. C. Farris, 330 North Oak Street, Gainesville, Fla.

NEW YORKER, 35, desires correspondence concerning writing and publishing. Would collaborate with beginners. Box 208-C.

MUSIC CRITIC, sane and competent, wishes connection with magazine, newspaper. Excellent recommendations. Box 209-C.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN of thirty-nine, unavoidably located in small country community desires correspondence with lively male for entertainment. Box 210-C.

BUSINESS WOMAN of forty would like to correspond with man who is "human," for pleasure. Box 211-C.

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PERSONALS

LAURETZ BERGFELD. Mail awaiting J. A. General Delivery.

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THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER BICENTENNIAL SUPPLEMENT appears Sept. 8 with contributions of literary, historical and social importance by BRANCH CABELL, DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN, JOHN STEWART BRYAN and other recognized authorities. Contents include: A first general classification of old Richmond houses, a first published study of the beginning of Richmond's fortifications, first complete account why Richmond was chosen Capital of C.S.A., etc. Block print cover in three colors of Westover by Charles Smith. Published on heavy stock. 15 cents postpaid U.S.A. Address: Supplement Circulation, News Leader, Richmond, Va.

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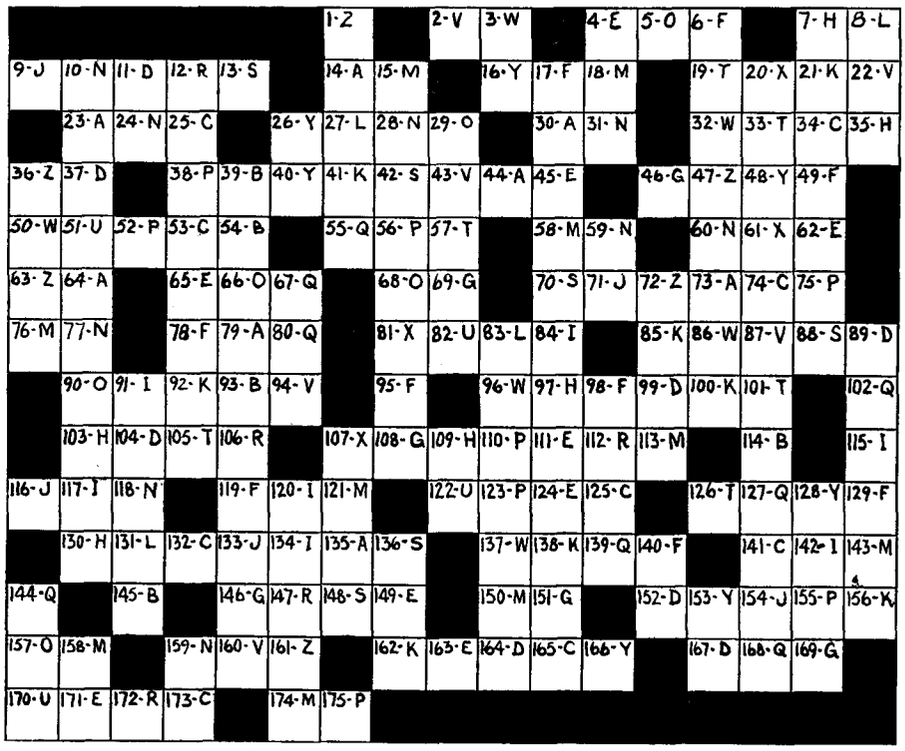
Double-Crostics: No. 180

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Practice of eating earthy substances.

B. One of the horses of the Sun (Norse).

C. Lacking comeliness.

D. Brass wind instrument.

E. Compelling attention.

F. Demon who caused nightmare (Gr.).

G. Novel by Scott (2 words).

H. Conical Indian tents.

I. Elizabethan navigator.

J. Choice or select part.

K. Distortion.

L. Deck abaft the mizzen.

M. Annual festival of Welsh bards.

N. St. Elmo's fire.

O. Chewink.

P. English poet (1828-1882).

Q. Heroine of "Wuthering Heights" (last name).

R. Open to view.

S. Irrational reverence.

T. Jiggle.

U. Hacked.

V. Heroine of one of the "Idylls of the King."

W. Cadence.

X. Musical composition.

Y. English poets—brothers and sister.

Z. Character in "Othello."

WORDS

44 64 14 135 79 30 73 23

145 93 39 114 54

25 53 34 132 165 74 125 141 173

11 37 99 167 152 104 164 89

163 65 111 124 45 62 149 171 4

140 98 17 95 119 49 78 6 129

146 69 46 108 151 169

35 97 103 130 109 7

91 134 84 115 142 120 117

9 71 116 133 154

100 162 92 85 41 138 21 156

131 27 83 8

18 174 150 58 143 113 121 15 76 158

10 24 28 60 59 118 159 77 31

68 66 90 5 29 157

123 56 155 110 38 175 75 52

80 102 139 55 144 127 168 67

147 172 112 12 106

70 13 88 42 148 136

126 33 101 57 105 19

51 170 122 82

22 160 2 87 43 94

96 137 32 50 86 3

20 107 61 81

166 128 16 26 40 48 153

36 63 1 161 72 47

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The Amen Corner

"Had he but spar'd his Tongue and Pen,
He might have rose like other Men."—

From Swift's "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift."

It is three years since the Oxonian, at the hospitable board of an eminent Swiftian in London, met Mr. Harold Williams who had then been engaged for some years on his great edition of *The Poems of Jonathan Swift.*[1] For some months the news of its imminent appearance has whetted our appetite in the announcements of the Oxford University Press.[2] Now at last the three volumes are here, beautifully printed in an appropriate adaptation of the eighteenth-century style, with frontispieces reproducing two pages of Swift's autograph and one of Stella's.

As our friend "Bookwright" in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* says:

"Scholars have long felt the lack of a better edition than has hitherto been made. It has now been made by Mr. Williams, who can perhaps never be superseded. As nearly as work in so complex a field can be definitive and final, his is . . .

"Only experienced scholars will realize what a tremendous amount of work the editor has done . . . A word must be said about the skillful and handsome printing done by the Oxford University Press, which now adds another fine edition of Swift to its "Tale of a Tub,"[3] "Drapier's Letters,"[4] and "Letters" of Swift and Charles Ford.[5] The University of Oxford, where Swift in 1692 got the degree of Master of Arts and thought himself well treated almost for the first time in his life, has become the incomparable center of Swift scholarship."

We might add to his list the volume of *Satires and Personal Writings,*[6] in the *Oxford Standard Authors* series, edited by the American Swiftian Mr. W. A. Eddy; and another recent book by an American *The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift,* by Ricardo Quintana,[7] which according to the *Saturday Review of Literature* itself "reenforces the belief that American scholarship can be an aid to intelligent criticism; it not only justifies itself as a book about Swift, but it also justifies the discipline out of which it has arisen."

But as Mr. Williams says: "The poems of Jonathan Swift have been undeservedly overshadowed" and they have "been shabbily treated by his editors." No more, however, is this last statement true! Mr. Williams removed the cause of the charge while he made it.

"With a Whirl of Thought oppress'd,
I sink from Reverie to Rest."

Not that we can ever get too much of Swift. These lines are from his "The Day of Judgement."

THE OXONIAN.

(1) 3 vols., $21.00 (2) 114 Fifth Avenue. (3) *Gulliver's Travels, Tale of a Tub,* etc., in the *Oxford Standard Authors,* $1.50 each. Write for complete list. (4) Edited by Herbert Davis. $7.00. (5) Edited by D. Nichol Smith. $5.00. (6) $1.50. (7) $3.75.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

SUBSTITUTE Quercus, who has always been a great admirer of the writing of the Honorable Winston Churchill, regarding it as supremely good journalism, is much interested to discover that Putnams are to bring out a collection of his pen portraits of contemporaries in October. Among the personalities "whose essence," to quote the publishers' publicity sheet, the English statesman has "distilled," are the ex-Kaiser, George Bernard Shaw, John Morley, Lord Oxford, Lawrence of Arabia, the Earl of Birkenhead, and Lord Balfour. There ought to be vigorous and vivacious writing, and good reading, here, whether one agrees with Mr. Churchill's slant on the political views of his friends and enemies or not. . . . As to accepting Mr. Churchill's politics, at any rate, there is always the old story to remember of the encounter with him of a fair dinner partner who, finding herself next to him, not too tactfully opened conversation by saying: "Mr. Churchill, I don't like you. I don't like your politics and I don't like your mustache." "Madame," he replied, rising magnificently to the occasion, "I see no reason why you should ever come in contact with either of them." Apocryphal, perhaps, for S. Q. can't seem to remember any picture of Mr. Churchill, at least in recent years, wearing a mustache. However, *si non e vero. . . .*

☞Old Q.'s appeal for help last July, when his plan to steal a march on the world of scholarship by being the first to celebrate Jean Francois de la Harpe's bicentenary was frustrated by inability to find out just when he was born, has been answered by Stuart W. Jackson of this city who writes:

> I believe there is little question that he was born in 1739. Several authentic works on the French Revolution among my books give this date. *Select Documents of the French Revolution,* by Legg [Oxford: Clarendon Press], 1905, Vol. II "Biographical Notes" also gives date as 1739 and lists him as a famous critic, Member of the French Academy 1776, a strong republican, arrested 1794 as a suspect, released Thermidor, having become a Christian and a royalist in prison, proscribed after Fructidor. He was known as "the fashionable man of letters," and a book I have on journals of the French Revolution states that he was one of the editors of *Mercure de France* in 1790. He was apparently a friend of Robespierre, for when the latter came into power as president of the Convention, La Harpe wrote him a letter of homage which is still in existence. He wrote considerable on the liberty of the press and some philosophical works.

☞The Columbia University Press, whose juicy leaflet, *The Pleasures of Publishing,* all the Querci read with avidity, is pluming itself on the fact that when Queens College of New York City opens its doors for the first time this month approximately twenty-five per cent of its faculty will be Press authors. Of the first twenty-one faculty members appointed to the new institution, five of them are authors of six of their books. Sounds like algebra or Alice in Wonderland. . . . The Press, incidentally, has been doing a little mathematics of its own, counting up the number of words in an article in *Scribner's Magazine* from which permission to quote 350 words has been granted though it only contains 288. The editors of the *Pleasures of Publishing* are worried about the missing sixty-two.

☞Over in Philadelphia the J. B. Lippincott Company has been celebrating the birthday of Mr. J. Bertram Lippincott who was eighty on August 24. Mr. Lippincott is rounding out his sixty-second year of publishing as Chairman of the Board of the firm of which his son became president on his own retirement in 1926. . . . Lippincott has some interesting looking books on its list, including Zora Hurston's new novel, *Their Eyes Were Watching God,* and *Harbor Nights,* by Harvey Klemmer.

☞S. Q. has been walking along the streets of his city gazing into the windows of shops where haughty figures swathed in furs bade defiance to the sweltering heat outside. Fashions to him seemed straight and slim, but then came the following lines from Florence Thompson Howe of Springfield, Mass., to confute him:

FICTION FASHION NOTE

Gone with the wind
Are the skirts straight and slim
That moulded the young twig
And bent her.

Skirts must whirl in a swirl
Sixteen gores to the girl
And a wasp of a waist in the
Center!

Pouty mouth and low brow
For the heroine now
Since Scarlett's technique
Has proved subtler

And only a man
With a past ever can
Tempt the reader who sighs for
Rhett Butler.

☞S. Q. has for several years been much interested in the volumes which Edwards Brothers, Inc., of Ann Arbor, Mich., have been bringing out in an attempt to make scholarly and technical books in small editions pay for themselves. Their process, photo-lithographing from a perfect typescript, has resulted in a number of works which are pleasing in appearance and exceedingly clear and easy for reading. One learned tome on mathematics, with all its formulas neatly reproduced, S. Q. especially remembers as making the best of a (to his mind) bad business. Now a new study has just been published, *Americans in Process,* by William Carlson Smith. It is a survey of the second generation of Oriental ancestry in Hawaii and continental United States, particularly on the Pacific coast, and is the result of several years of intimate study.

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